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THE NEW HESPERIDES.

Long had they sailed, a company of freemen:
Endless the labor, turbulent the seas.
Onward they drove with the questing heart of seamen:
Always they longed for the new Hesperides.
Oft on a day by some enchanted island
Sighed they and hovered, yet stayed for none of these,
Sweeping the west till another gleaming highland
Rose far away like the new Hesperides.
Loud on the gale fled phantom echoes crying
"End sea-roaming; land and be at ease";
Windward the mariners gazed without replying,
—Sought they for ever the new Hesperides.

M. Arnold-Forster.

CHRIST IN THE UNIVERSE.

With the ambiguous earth
His dealings have been told us; these abide;
The signal to a maid, the human birth,
The lesson, and the Young Man crucified.

But not a star of all
The unimaginable stars has heard
How He administered this terrestrial ball;
Our race have kept their Lord's entrusted Word.

Of those earth visiting feet
None knows the secret, cherished, perilous,—
The terrible, shame-fast, frightened, whispered, sweet,
Heart-shattering secret of His way with us.

No planet knows that this
Our wayside planet, carrying land and wave,
Love and life multiplied, and pain and bliss
[illegible] as chief treasure one forsaken grave.

Nor, in our little day,
May His devices with the heavens be guessed
His pilgrimage to thread the Milky Way
Or His bestowals there be manifest.

But in the eternities
Doubtless we shall compare together, hear
A million alien gospels, in what guise
He walked the Pleiades, the Lyre, the Bear.

Oh be prepared, my soul!
To read the inconceivable, to scan
The million forms of God those stars unroll
When, in our turn, we show to them—a Man.

Alice Meynell.

FLOWER AND THORN.

Black the storm-wind rides the sky, all the leaves are torn,
Briers upon the common stand stripped to stick and thorn:
Thorny is the brier, thorny is the brier.
Mother Mary keep me safe, give me my desire!
Now the winter rain is gone, Heaven's washed and clean.
All the brooks are laughing sweet, all the hills are green;
Leafy is the brier, leafy is the brier,
Mother Mary in the sky, send me my desire!
Summer's yellow on the land, throbbing warm and live,
Hear her million voices hum like a lucky hive;
Blossom o' the brier, blossom o' the brier,
Mary in the summer-time, send me my desire;
All the talking winds are stilled in the autumn pause,
Redder far than blood or fire blaze the hips and haws;
Berries o' the brier, berries o' the brier . . .
Mother Mary, must I die starved of my desire?

Dorothea Mackellar.

The Westminster Gazette.

THE PRINCIPLE OF THE MINIMUM WAGE.

I.
The Three Chief Forms of Minimum Wage

The various proposals that are associated with the term "Minimum Wage" have one point in common. They all claim that, in certain circumstances, the State should prohibit the payment of a rate of wages (whether by piece or by time) so low as would in fact have been paid apart from State interference. The circumstances in which State interference is desired and the level of wage which should constitute the official minimum are, however, very different in the case of different proposals. The reason for this is not merely that the means suggested by one thinker for the attainment of a given result differ in detail from those suggested by another, but that the results aimed at are themselves essentially various. It is not, I think, practicable to conduct any useful discussion of the minimum wage problem, unless account is taken at the outset of this fundamental fact. The policy of the minimum wage is not a single policy. It includes three different policies aiming at entirely different ends and susceptible of defence and attack along entirely different lines. As a preliminary to any detailed inquiry, it is essential that these three policies should be sharply distinguished from one another.

The first of the three is illustrated in a New Zealand law which provides that no workman over twenty shall be employed in a factory at a weekly wage of less than 17*s*. Here the end sought is to prevent the payment anywhere of a rate of wages too low to provide the recipient with means of subsistence. The fundamental idea is embodied in the Papal Encyclical *Rerum Novarum* of 1891: "There is a dictate of nature more ancient and more imperious than any bargain between man and man—that the remuneration must be enough to support the wage-earner in reasonable and frugal comfort." The second policy is illustrated in the demand sometimes put forward for a law that should compel all the employers in a trade to pay their men not less than the rate customarily paid by "reputable firms." Here the root claim has nothing to do with poverty or with the securing of earnings adequate to subsistence; its sole concern is with equality. The third policy is illustrated in the recent Coal Mines (Minimum Wage) Act. Its purpose is to prevent the efficiency wage paid to the same man from varying for accidental reasons between different times. Thus, the three policies rest upon entirely different logical foundations. The first is advocated as a means towards the attainment of a minimum standard of life for all, the second as a means to promote equality among the efficiency wages paid to different people at the same time, and the third as a means to promote equality among the efficiency wages paid to the same people at different times. Of course, the three policies are not separated from one another in practice in the rigorous way in which they can be separated in analysis. This circumstance, however, in no way militates against the view that the distinction, upon which stress has been laid, is of fundamental practical importance. In what follows it will be convenient to have short names descriptive of the three policies. I shall, therefore speak of them as the policies of the subsistence minimum, the inter-personal equality minimum, and the inter-temporal equality minimum, and shall examine them in turn under these titles.

II.

The Subsistence Minimum

The foundation upon which the plea for a subsistence minimum rests is the doctrine that, among every community of men, there is a certain minimum standard of general well-being below which the life of no member, however incompetent economically, ought to be allowed to fall. One element on which general well-being depends is income. Hence, there is a certain level of income than which nothing lower ought to be permitted. This is the minimum income—a part of the minimum standard. The minimum wage is advocated as a means by which the establishment of the minimum standard may be secured, or at least facilitated, by way of the minimum income. A complete discussion of the subsistence minimum, therefore, involves both an examination of the doctrine of the minimum standard and an inquiry into the value of the minimum wage as an instrument for facilitating the establishment of one part of that standard.

The doctrine of the minimum standard is capable of being defended upon a variety of grounds. Some persons base it upon an intuition as to the absolute sacredness of human life. Others hold that equality in the distribution of good is itself an element in good, and that a serious lapse from equality is in itself an evil so great as to outweigh any indirect loss of good that is likely to result from arrangements designed to prevent the occurrence of such a lapse.[1] Yet others, while denying that the circumstances surrounding the distribution of good are relevant to the absolute quantity of good, hold that large inequality in the distribution of the material conditions of good, because it will leave some persons in extreme want, is practically certain to make the aggregate quantity of good smaller than it would be if distribution was made less unequal, even at the cost of a large reduction in the aggregate quantity of the nation's real income. Whichever of these, or of other, grounds we may select for the defence of our thesis—whether we regard them as real grounds or merely, in Mr. Bradley's phrase, as "bad reasons for what we believe on instinct"—there is no doubt that, somehow or other, we all do believe in the doctrine of the minimum standard. Nor is this all. There is also a rough agreement as to the general character of the standard required. Thus, it must embrace a certain minimum of leisure, of sanitary surroundings and of education, as well as of income with which to purchase desirable objects. Also there must be a certain harmony between the quantities of these different elements, since the good obtainable from one is partially dependent upon the quantities of the others that are available. For example, education cannot be effective to a half-starving child, and food cannot be nourishing to one whose digestive powers overwork has ruined. Furthermore, special stress must be laid upon the element of leisure, because through it alone is made possible the acquisition of those fundamental non-economic goods to be found in appropriate relations to other men and to the sublimities of nature. Upon points of this kind all who have studied the matter will be at one They will also be at one in holding that the level at which the standard is set may rightly be higher in a rich country than in a poor one. As to what precisely this level ought to be in a given country at a given time they will, no doubt, dispute. That, however, is a small matter. From our present point of view the essential thing is that nobody seriously doubts the necessity of some minimum stan-

[1] This view, it will be noticed, is incompatible with the view—widely held among students of ethics—that good resides solely in states of consciousness.

dard. Though the sky should fall, there are some conditions below which we, as a civilized people, can never allow any fellow-citizen to sink.

Let us then grant the truth of the doctrine of the minimum standard, and of the minimum income as an element in that standard. How far does that take us towards the subordinate doctrine of the minimum wage? That this doctrine and that of the minimum income are not logically interdependent is, of course, immediately obvious. The one asserts that no citizen shall be permitted to be in enjoyment of a real income in each day, week, month, or year of less than a certain specified amount. The other asserts that no citizen, when employed on wage-work, shall receive payment at less than a defined rate per hour, day, or week of his employment. Even if—contrary to actual fact—it were true that the establishment of the minimum wage would involve for everyone the establishment of the minimum income, it would not be true that the minimum wage is the only means by which the minimum income can be secured; for direct payments by the Guardians of the Poor or some other public authority afford an obvious alternative means. We cannot, therefore, pass at once to the doctrine of the minimum wage as an inference from the doctrine of the minimum standard.

In much popular discussion of the problem this important point is overlooked. It is argued that a State-enforced minimum wage stands on exactly the same footing as a State-enforced minimum of sanitation or of leisure, and that, when once the adoption of these minima is admitted to be right, the only reasons that can logically be urged against its adoption are detailed reasons concerning practicability. Thus, Mr. Ensor, in an interesting paper entitled *The Case for a Minimum Wage*, writes[3]:

> The chief reason why the State fixed no minima for wages was the crop of practical difficulties. It took the simplest things first—broad prohibitions of obviously excessive hours in factories and of the employment of women and children underground in mines. It went on to the more complicated things—cubic air space, sanitation, humidity percentages, and the rest. Wages would naturally come last, as being probably under modern conditions the most complicated question of all. It is important not to underrate their complication. They do need elasticity of handling in an exceptional degree. Changes in industrial processes; changes in factory organization; changes in the value of money—to all these they must be delicately responsive. Contrast, for illustration, the question of hours. Nearly forty years ago the State fixed for women in factories (and consequently, though indirectly, for a large proportion of the men in factories also) the nine hours day. This has been the law ever since, and, whether adequate or not, is no more and no less adequate now than then. Nine hours in 1912 is the same thing as nine hours in 1874, and in a broad sense it is the same whether in one factory or another. But, if in 1874 Parliament, pursuing an idea like the cruder among the Labor ideas to-day, had enacted not only one minimum working day for factories, but one minimum wage, where should we stand? Two things may be taken as certain: first, that any such rigid minimum wage would be too high for the employers to bear in many trades, unless it were too low to benefit the employed in all the others; secondly, that no minimum wage which was right in 1874 could possibly be right to-day. Industries are different; machinery is different; jobs are different; prices are different; standards of living are different; by no possibility could the old bottles of 1874 contain the new wine of 1912.

[3] "Nineteenth Century," August 1912, p. 267-8.

Now, while it is plain that these practical difficulties exist and are of great importance, it is also plain, as Mr. Ensor rightly urges, that they do not establish any fundamental distinction between the case for a minimum wage and that for a minimum of leisure and sanitation. It does not, however, follow that there no fundamental distinction exists. There is such a fundamental distinction. It consists in the fact that minima of leisure and of sanitation are *parts* of the minimum standard, and must be enforced directly if they are to be enforced at all; whereas the minimum wage is only a *means* towards a part of the minimum standard—that part, namely, which I have called the minimum income—and is, therefore, subject to the rivalry of other means.

When we pass to investigate the value of the minimum wage from this point of view—as a means to the minimum income—we are at once aware of the fact that, whether a good means or a bad means as far as it goes, it is certainly not by itself a sufficient means to the end sought. Since the enactment of a minimum-wage law carries no pledge of continuous employment, it is plainly compatible with failure on the part of a large number of poor persons to attain the minimum income. Hence, the minimum wage is an inadequate means, even if the fact that workpeople have families of varying sizes is ignored. When account is taken of that fact, its inadequacy becomes still more obvious. The economic unit of living and of spending is the family rather than the individual; and the income representative of any defined minimum standard must be different for differently constituted families. Nor is this all. When the appropriate minimum income for a family is known, the wage of the head, or of any other member, of the family, which is necessary to bring the family income up to this minimum, varies according to the earnings obtained by the remaining members of the family. It is obvious that no Government can establish a minimum wage designed to vary in this manner. Hence, whether or not a minimum-wage law has been set up, some further independent machinery must be provided to ensure that those whose earnings are insufficient to bring the fortunes of their families up to the minimum standard shall be provided with some income additional to their earnings.

From these considerations it follows that the problem we have to study concerns, not the comparative effects of a minimum-wage law and of complete *laissez-faire*, but the comparative effects of a minimum-wage law *plus* a minimum-income law, and of a minimum-income law alone. This result immediately rules out of court the argument which is most frequently advanced in defence of the legal establishment of a subsistence minimum wage. It is not the case that, if such a wage were enforced, fewer people would fail to attain an income adequate to subsistence—or, if we prefer it, to efficiency—than would so fail if it were not enforced. The conjoint existence of the minimum-income law nullifies all reasoning of this character, for that law ensures that the minimum income will be universally attained whether a minimum-wage law exists or not. When this is clearly understood the analysis we have to undertake becomes extremely simple.

Substantially, the establishment of a subsistence minimum wage involves a State decree that the lowest grade of workpeople, if employed at all, shall be paid a wage bearing to their efficiency a higher ratio than wages in general bear to efficiency in general. There can be little doubt that the broad effect of such a decree would

be simply to cut off and destroy a large part of the work at private industry formerly undertaken by inefficient men. In a few peculiar occupations, no doubt, which have become specialized to the inefficient and the products of which are subject to an inelastic demand, it might happen that a considerable proportion of the labor force was retained at an increased wage-rate. In the long run, however, it seems clear that the demand for labor in general is highly elastic, and that different grades of labor are capable of being substituted for one another. Hence, ultimately, the enforcement of a minimum rate, in respect of workers whose efficiency was not before high enough to be worth that rate, will act, in the main, to throw those workers out of employment. If they continue to work at all, they must do so under the guidance, not of private industry, but of the State authority entrusted with the care of the poor. The work they accomplish in these conditions is likely, all experience shows, to be practically negligible in amount. Hence, the policy of the minimum wage will not render anybody capable of independent self-support who was not capable of it before. It will merely render entirely idle, and throw entirely on the Poor Law or on friends and relations, a number of persons who formerly were—or at all events ought to have been—partially supported from those sources, while they at the same time did a certain amount of productive work. There is no social advantage in this. On the contrary, it seems plain that there is considerable social disadvantage.

III

The Inter-Personal Equality Minimum

The plea for an inter-personal equality minimum may be based upon either of two foundations, according as the abnormally low rates which it is desired to remedy are or are not due to the fact that the marginal net products of the workpeople of any given grade of efficiency, who are assembled at particular points, are abnormally low. We may begin with the case in which they are due to that fact. Then the foundation for our plea is the doctrine that economic welfare is, in general, increased by anything that so modifies the distribution of labor between places and occupations as to render its marginal net product at different points more nearly equal.[1] The complete discussion of a plea so founded evidently involves both an examination of the advantages associated with a condition of equi-marginal productivity and an inquiry into the value of the minimum wage as an instrument for facilitating the establishment of that condition. We may conveniently begin with the more general problem.

It can be demonstrated that, if workpeople are distributed over the various parts of the industrial field in such wise that the marginal net products of work of given efficiency are equal at all points, the aggregate real income or dividend of the nation will probably be larger than it would be if they were distributed in any other way not specially selected with a view to augmenting the dividend. It can also be demonstrated that, if workpeople are distributed in the manner described, their aggregate earnings are

[1] For those not acquainted with technical economic terms, it may be stated here that the marginal net product of any quantity of units of labor signifies the difference which would be made to the aggregate product by the withdrawal, all other conditions remaining the same, of one unit. A workman is said to be receiving in wages the equivalent of his marginal net product, when the removal of that workman, everything else remaining the same, would diminish his employer's receipts by an amount equal to his own wages.

likely both to be larger and to be shared among them less unevenly than would be the case if they were distributed in any other way not specially selected with a view to increasing the equality of earnings. This system of distribution of workpeople will, no doubt, be inferior to certain possible "fancy" distributions, but it may reasonably be regarded as superior, from the standpoint of economic welfare, to any alternative system that is relevant to the present inquiry. We may call it, if we will, the best practicable, or the standard, distribution. It is evidently associated with a system of wage-rates under which equal efficiencies are everywhere paid for equally.

From the result thus attained there is some temptation to pass direct to the inference that the authoritative enforcement at all points of equal wage-rates for equal efficiencies would necessarily prove advantageous to economic welfare. A moment's reflection, however, makes it plain that this step cannot be thus taken. Granted that economic welfare is maximized when equality of efficiency wages prevails *because* workpeople are distributed over the industrial field in the way I have described, there is no necessity for it to be so maximized when equality prevails *because* the government has passed a decree. Whether or not, under existing conditions, economic welfare will in fact be fostered by the passage of such a decree is a question which cannot be answered except as the result of a special and interdependent inquiry.

Let us first suppose that the fields of industry paying abnormally low efficiency-wages, with which the State interferes, are fields where it is usual for workpeople to be engaged and discharged in the ordinary unsystematic way. In this case it seems probable that, in consequence of an enforced enhancement in the (efficiency) wage-rate, workpeople will be attracted into the fields affected from other fields. This is likely to happen whether the addition to the wage-rate results in an increase or in a diminution in the aggregate earnings obtained there, the reason, of course, being that work-people, in selecting an occupation, are apt to pay much more attention to the money rate of wages than to the prospect of continuous employment. No doubt, in cases where, before interference took place, the efficiency rate in the field subjected to interference was much below the general efficiency rate —a condition that perhaps prevails among certain of the lowest grades of unskilled laborers—interference may still leave the rate so far below that current elsewhere that no outsiders are attracted. But, in any case, the tendency makes for attraction rather than for repulsion. In order, however, that the actual distribution of labor may be approximated towards the standard distribution, repulsion and not attraction is required; for it is just to excessive numbers in the field affected that the abnormally low efficiency rate is due. It would seem, therefore, that State action designed to force up the efficiency-wage in fields where this is abnormally low will not, if introduced in the conditions outlined above, improve the distribution of labor. Nor is this all. It must happen, further, that the amount of labor in the field affected, for which employment can be found after the wage-rate has been raised, will be less than it was before, and this, coupled with the entry of fresh labor into that field, implies a diminution in aggregate national output. It is, indeed, arguable, in certain special cases where the demand for labor in the field affected is highly inelastic, that the contraction of aggregate output may be accompanied by an increase in the real

earnings of the laboring classes sufficient to secure an increase in economic welfare as a whole. I have shown, however, elsewhere that, in the long run, a result of this kind is not practically possible. It follows, therefore, that State interference with abnormally low efficiency wage-rates, due to abnormally low marginal net products, in fields of industry where it is usual for workpeople to be engaged and discharged in the ordinary unsystematic way, is likely to injure rather than to improve economic welfare.

Let us next suppose that in the fields affected the workpeople required are engaged in such a manner that all the employment available is concentrated upon one set of men and all the unemployment upon another set. In this case the enforcement of an enhanced wage-rate reduces to zero the expectation of earnings entertained by those whom the enhanced rate has rendered redundant. Hence, a tendency towards withdrawal into other fields makes itself strongly felt. Provided, as in the modern world is, of course, generally the case, that the actual process of movement from trade to trade and from place to place is reasonably easy,[4] this implies an improvement in the distribution of labor, an increase in aggregate national output, and, therewith, an addition to the sum of economic welfare.

We are thus enabled, by a combination of the results of the two preceding paragraphs, to reach a definite conclusion as to the effect of an enforced equalization of efficiency wage-rates in cases where existing inequalities correspond to inequalities of marginal net products. This conclusion is that, where the methods of engaging workpeople are of the casual unsystematic type, enforced equalization is likely to prove socially injurious; but that, where these methods are of what may be called the concentration type it is certain to prove socially beneficial. It should be added that, when we have to do with individual employers so incompetent, or individual factories or mines so badly situated, that the payment of a normal wage-rate would expel them from industry altogether, the enforcement of a higher rate must, in any case, work as it generally works in association with the concentration type of engagement, for it must, in any case, reduce to zero the wage expectations of all workmen attached to the affected firm.

I now pass to the case in which the abnormally low rates, that it is desired to remedy, are not due to the fact that the marginal net products of the workpeople concerned are abnormally low. In this case the plea for the establishment of an interpersonal equality minimum is differently founded. In certain circumstances it is possible for employers, making use of their stronger strategical position and of their greater knowledge of the prevailing conditions, to enter into a relation, which has been called that of bilateral monopoly, with individual workpeople, and, by stress of bargaining, to compel them to accept a wage below their marginal worth. The probability that action of this kind will be attempted is specially great when either the employers themselves are small masters in direct contact with their hands, or when they work through foremen employed upon piece-wages.[5] The probability that such action, if attempted, will be actually

[4] There is some ground for holding that an exception to this statement should be made as regards women home workers, since non-economic causes often render it practically impossible for these women to enter factories.

[5] There is reason to believe that the excessive pressure to which children were subjected under the old factory system was partly due to the fact that overseers were paid piece-wages (Cf. Gilman, "A Dividend to Labour," p. 32). In like manner, the 'sweating' that is sometimes found among the employees

attained is specially great when the workpeople are both poor and isolated from one another. Professor Chapman is of opinion that it plays a considerable part in determining the wages of certain classes of home workers,[6] and it is thought by some to be operative also in connection with the wages of agricultural laborers. When abnormally low efficiency wage-rates are due to this cause, it is evident that the only direct effect of an enforced rise will be to transfer to workpeople resources which formerly unscrupulous employers wrung from them for their private use. Since employers are generally better off than workpeople, this change is in itself advantageous to economic welfare. There is, however, hope of yet further advantage. It is not improbable that the employers in question, finding themselves no longer able to increase their income by bargaining against their workpeople, will divert their energies towards improving their machinery and the organization of their business. It is also possible that the workpeople receiving higher wages may, in response, become more efficient. In so far as either of these things happens, the aggregate national output and, therewith, the sum of economic welfare is still further enhanced.

What has been said in the preceding paragraphs will have sufficed to indicate the class of cases in which State intervention designed to bring about greater equality of efficiency wage-rates is likely to prove socially advantageous. We may pass on, therefore, to inquire whether any and, if so, what form of minimum wage would constitute an effective instrument of such intervention. If it were possible to measure efficiency directly, the solution of this problem would be easy. All that is required would be obtained by the authoritative establishment in the field of industry affected of that rate of efficiency-wage that was "predominant" or was paid generally by "reputable employers" in the country. It is important to observe that the minimum should not be based upon the highest rates actually prevailing, for these higher rates are probably due to a relative scarcity of labor, and when labor is redistributed so as to do away with this, they will automatically fall to the predominant or average level. The idea rather should be that underlying the provision of the Trade Boards Act of 1909, which states:

> The Board of Trade may make a Provisional Order applying this Act to any specified trade to which it does not at the time apply, if they are satisfied that the rate of wages prevailing in any branch of the trade is exceptionally low compared with that in other employments [presumably of similar difficulty], and that the other circumstances of the trade are such as to render the application of this Act to the trade expedient.

Two further considerations may be added. First, since the predominant rate will naturally change from period to period, such minima as are enforced ought also to change. Secondly, since it is the real rate, and not the money rate, of wages that is significant, the minima expressed in money ought to be different in different parts of the country in accordance with differences in the prices of the commodities chiefly consumed by the working classes.

The above simple account of the problem is only adequate on the assumption that it is possible to measure efficiency directly. In fact, however, all that can be measured directly is either the time occupied by a man's work or the output resulting from that work. Hence, the only kinds of

of sub-contractors is probably traceable, not to the system of sub-contract, but to the fact that sub-contractors are generally small masters on piece-profits.

[6] "Home Work:" Manchester Statistical Society, the 19th of January 1910, p. 97.

minima that it is practicable to decree are minimum time-wages or minimum piece-wages. Both these minima can be so organized that they will operate substantially in the same manner as a minimum efficiency-wage. In order that they may do this, however, each of them must be carefully constructed with a view to the end they are meant to serve. Thus, when a minimum time-wage is set up, it must be, not a general minimum, but a minimum for men of average capacity, and provision must be made for enabling men of less than average capacity to accept a lower rate. Clauses to this effect may be found in the English Trade Boards Act and also in the Coal Mines (Minimum Wage) Act. It is further necessary, since average capacity varies from district to district, that the minimum time-wage shall also vary. Again, when a minimum piece-wage is set up, it must be, not a general minimum, but a minimum adapted to the average natural conditions and to the average competence of the management in the establishments to which it is applied. For, obviously, when the natural conditions are difficult, when inferior machinery or inferior material is employed, or when the general organization of work is bad, a man of given efficiency will produce a smaller output than he would do if working in a more favorable situation. It follows that the minimum piece-wage, when employed as a means towards equalizing efficiency-wages, should vary both from establishment to establishment and also, if the competence of the management varies, from one time to another. The above considerations make it plain that the task of utilizing minimum time-wages and minimum piece-wages as instruments for promoting interpersonal equality of efficiency-rates, though by no means an impracticable one, can hardly be accomplished successfully without elaborate detailed study.

IV

The Inter-Temporal Equality Minimum

The foundation upon which the plea for an inter-temporal equality minimum rests is the doctrine that economic welfare is in general fostered by anything that renders individual incomes more stable. That this doctrine is a valid one is evident without argument, for, obviously, a variable income is likely to imply a variable standard of life, and that is almost always an evil.[1] We may, therefore, pass at once to inquire what scope there is for a minimum wage law as a means of making incomes more stable. It is evident at the outset that there is no scope at all for a minimum piece-wage. Our attention may, therefore, be concentrated exclusively upon the other form of minimum. In what circumstances is it to be expected that the establishment of a minimum time-wage will render incomes more stable?

The discussion of the preceding section will have made plain—though, indeed, the matter is of common knowledge—that when any industry works upon piece-wages, the rates paid in different establishments tend to be adjusted to the average natural conditions and the average of managerial skill prevalent among them. Though the tendency to this adjustment is prevented by various forms of friction from manifesting itself fully, it necessarily manifests itself to a very considerable extent. The piece-rates paid in different establishments are, in general, higher when conditions are, on the average, difficult and management is, on the average, bad than they are when conditions are easy and management good; for

[1] For a full discussion of this matter "vide" my "Wealth and Welfare," Part iv. chapter i.

workpeople will not permanently accept employment in places where their expectation of earnings for a given grade of work is lower than it is elsewhere. All this is tolerably familiar. The point which is important for my present purpose is that the adjustments of piece-rates just described are adjustments to the average conditions of different establishments, and not adjustments to the conditions prevailing at any moment at particular points within a single establishment. It is necessary in the end that the expectations of earnings of similar men in different establishments shall be equal, but equality of expectations is compatible with inequality of facts. Thus, if a factory contains a number of machines for performing a particular operation, some modern and others nearly obsolete, it is necessary that the average rate of earnings obtained from work in association with these different machines shall be about the same as the average rate prevailing in other establishments. But it is not necessary that a man who has the misfortune to be attached to one of the obsolete machines shall make this rate of earnings. Again, if a coal mine contains a number of stalls of varying difficulty, it is necessary that the piece-rate be such as to make average earnings in the mine equal to the general level of earnings obtainable by similar men elsewhere, but it is not necessary that the earnings of a man to whom a bad stall is allotted shall be equal to these. It will, indeed, generally happen that pieces of good and ill fortune will partially compensate one another—that a man, for example, who has a bad machine or a bad stall at one time will have a good one at another, and that, therefore, on the whole of his working life he is likely to make average earnings not far from those proper to his grade. There is, however, no such probability as regards any particular week or month in a man's working life. Consequently, if within any factory or mine the conditions of work at different points are different, a workman upon piece-wages will receive an income which varies from time to time with the point to which he happens to be attached. The extent to which his income varies is, of course, likely to be smaller the more highly the piece-wage system is elaborated so as to take account of varying facilities. It is, however, obviously impossible for any scheme to take account of all the circumstances by which the output resulting from given efficiency may be affected. Thus:

> Suppose a gang is unloading coal cars at so much per ton, and the switching crew is tardy in moving away empties and setting in loaded cars, and so keeps them idle for considerable periods, or suppose that in setting in the new cars it places them badly, so that the men have an extra long throw and work at a disadvantage. Again, the workmen may be unable to make fair wages through no fault of their own. Suppose, once more, a working gang is made up by the foreman so that green men are mixed with skilled, and these green men by their awkwardness cut down the output of the whole gang. Here, again, if they are working at piece-rates, their earnings are reduced without their fault.[1]

The above is merely one out of many cases in which circumstances that cannot practically be allowed for in any piece-wage scheme will from time to time make a workman's piece-earnings abnormally low.

The purpose of the type of minimum wage which forms the topic of the present section is to mitigate that evil. Alongside of the piece-wage scheme there is introduced a minimum time-wage, to be paid to those workmen to whom the piece-wage scheme would

[1] Going, "Principles of Industrial Engineering," p. 123.

at any time award less than a defined sum. This minimum is intended as a second line of defence against imperfections in the arrangements by which the piece-wage scheme seeks to award equal payments for equal efficiencies. It sets a limit to the power of accidents temporarily to drive down the wages accruing to a man of given efficiency below the general rate of efficiency-wages. This, and nothing else than this, is the conception underlying the minimum wage provision of the recent Coal Mines Act.

A policy, in which this conception will be embodied, and which will not at the same time have other unintended consequences, must possess, it would seem, the following characteristics. First, when the time-wage minimum is introduced, the general level of the prevailing system of piece-rates should be slightly lowered; for, if this is not done, the average efficiency-wage paid in the industry affected is in effect raised, and that is an unintended consequence. Secondly, the time-wage minimum should be such as to yield somewhat lower day earnings to the workman of normal efficiency than he might expect to earn with average good fortune upon piece-wages. For, otherwise, the stimulus to effort which piece-wages are designed to afford will be in great measure destroyed, and, as a consequence, output may be much reduced; and this is a second unintended consequence. Thirdly, provision should somehow be made to secure that the full minimum time-wage is only payable to workmen of normal efficiency. If it is a perfectly general minimum, it will imply—yet a third unintended consequence—an enforced enhancement, above the general level, of the efficiency-wages of incompetent men. The required provision may take the form of a rule that those workmen who fail to turn out a stipulated amount of output in a normal week, when they are not hindered by accident, sickness, or abnormality in their workplace, shall be placed outside the scope of the minimum time-wage. Carefully guarded in these various ways, the inter-temporal equality minimum, like the inter-personal equality minimum, may be expected, in suitable circumstances, to make a real, if small, contribution towards social welfare.

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The Nineteenth Century and After.

MUNCHAUSEN: THE GERMAN COMIC GIANT.

Exaggeration is a subtle weapon and it must be handled subtly. Handled without skill it is a boomerang, recoils upon the one who uses it and makes of him a common liar; under the sway of a master it is a long bow with which splendid shafts may be driven into human conceit and human folly. There have been many exaggerators in history and fiction since the days of Sindbad, and they have not all been successful; some were too small, dared not stake their reputation upon a large lie; some were too serious and did not know how to wink at humanity, put it in good temper and thus earn its tolerance; and some did not believe their own stories, which was fatal.

For it is one thing to exaggerate and another to exaggerate enough. A lie must be writ so large as to become invisible; it must stand as the name of a country upon a map, so much larger than its surroundings as to escape detection. One may almost, in the cause of invention, parallel the saying of

Machiavelli, "If you make war, spare not your enemy," and say "If you lie, let it not be by halves;" let the lie be terrific, incredible, for it will then cause local anæsthesia of the brain, compel unreasoning acceptance in the stunned victim. If the exaggerator shrinks from this course his lie will not pass; it might have passed, and I venture a paradox, if it had been gigantic enough. The gigantic quality in lies needs definition; evidently the little "white" lie is beyond count, while the lie with a view to a profit, the self-protective lie, the patriotic lie and the hysterical, vicious lie follow it into obscurity. One lie alone remains, the splendid, purposeless lie, born of the joy of life. That is the lie of braggadocio, a shouting, rich thing, the mischievous, arch thing beloved of Munchausen. The Baron hardly lied to impress his friends; he lied to amuse them and amuse himself. For him a lie was a hurrah and a loud, resonant hurrah, because it was big enough.

In the bigness of the lie is the gigantic quality of the liar. If, for instance, we assume that no athlete has ever leapt higher than seven feet, it is a lie to say that one has leapt eight. But it is not a gigantic lie: it is a mean, stupid lie. The giant must not stoop so low; he must leap, not eight feet, but eight score, eight hundred. He must leap from nebula to nebula. If he does not claim to have achieved the incredible he is incredible in the gigantic sense. Likewise he is not comic unless he can shock our imagination by his very enormity. We do not laugh at the pigmy who claims an eight-foot leap: we sneer. Humor has many roots, and exaggeration is one of them, for it embodies the essential incongruous; thus we need the incongruity of contrast between the little strutting man and the enormous feat he claims to have achieved.

If Munchausen is comic it is because he is not afraid; his godfather, the *Critical Review*,[1] rightly claimed that "the marvellous had never been carried to a more whimsical and ludicrous extent." Because he was not afraid, we say "Absurd person," and laugh, not at but with him. We must laugh at the mental picture of the Lithuanian horse who so bravely carried his master while he fought the Turk outside Oczakow, only to be cut in two by the portcullis . . . and then greedily drank at a fountain, drank and drank until the fountain nearly ran dry because the water spouted from his severed (but still indomitable) trunk! The impossible is the comedy of Munchausen; when he approaches the possible his mantle seems to fall from him. For instance, in a contest with a bear, or rather one of the contests, for Munchausen seemed to encounter bears wherever he went, he throws a bladder of spirits into the brute's face, so that, blinded by the liquor, it rushes away and falls over a precipice. This is a blemish; a mortal hunter might thus have saved himself with his whisky-flask; this is not worthy of Munchausen. For Munchausen, to be comic, must do what we cannot do, thrust his hand into the jaws of a wolf, push on, seize him by the tail and turn him inside out. Then he can leave us with this vision before our eyes of the writhing animal nimbly treated as an old glove.

In such scenes as these contests with bears, wolves, lions, crocodiles, the Baron is the chief actor, plays the part of comedian, but he is big enough to shed round himself a zone of comic light. The giant makes comedy as he walks; notably, in St. Petersburg, he runs from a mad dog, discarding his fur coat in his hurry, and that, so far as he is concerned, is the end of the adventure. But a comic fate pursues Munchausen, for his fur coat, bitten

[1] December, 1785.

by the mad dog, develops hydrophobia, leaps at and destroys companion clothing, until its master arrives in time to see it "falling upon a fine full-dress suit which *he* shook and tossed in an unmerciful manner." That is an example of the comic zone in which Munchausen revolves; round him the inanimate lives, is animated by his own life-lust until the "it" of things vanishes into the magic "he."

It is a pity, from the purely comic point of view, that the Baron should so uniformly dominate circumstances. A victorious hero is seldom so mirth-making as is the ridiculous and ridiculed Tartarin; it is true comic relief when Munchausen fails to throw a piece of ordnance across the Dardanelles, and when he shatters his chariot against the rock he thus decapitates and makes into Table Mountain. His failure, injurious to his gigantic quality, is essential to his comic quality, for the reader often cries out, in presence of his flaming victories: Accursed sun! Will you never set? But the sun of Munchausen will never set. For a moment it may be obscured by a passing cloud, while its powerful rays rebelliously glow through the clot of mist and maintain the outline of the Baron's wicked little eye, but set it cannot: is it not in its master's power to juggle with moons and arrest the steeds of Apollo?

Demigodly, the giant must see but not judge, for one cannot judge when one is so far away. Thus Munchausen has but few sneers for little mankind; he observes that the people of an island choose as governors a man and his wife who were "plucking cucumbers on a tree" because they fell from the tree on the tyrant of the isle and destroyed him, but he does not seem to see anything singular in this method of government. Nor has he an expressed scoff for the College of Physicians because no deaths happened on earth while it was suspended in the air. The scoff is there, but it is not expressed by Munchausen; he takes the earth in his hand, remarks "Odd machine, this," and lays it down again. And it may be too much to say "odd"; though Munchausen expresses astonishment from time to time it is not vacuous astonishment; it is reasonable, measured astonishment, that of a modern tourist in Baedekerland. Thus, in his view, politicians, rulers, pedagogues, apothecaries, explorers are not subjects for his sling: they are curiosities.

He looks at these curiosities with simple wonder. He does not see the world as a joke, but as an earnest and extraordinary thing. He is always ready to be mildly surprised and he is never sceptical; that is, he never doubts the possibility of the impossible when it happens to him: he gravely doubts it when it happens to anybody else. Thus it is clear that he does not think much of Mr. Lemuel Gulliver that his chief enemy is his old rival Baron de Tott. If he were not so polite Munchausen would call De Tott a plain liar; he refrains and merely outstrips the upstart, as a gentleman should do. Munchausen sees the world in terms of himself; he would have no faith in the marvellous escapes of von Trenck, Jack Sheppard and Monte Cristo. "I," says Munchausen, and the rivals may withdraw. He does not even fear imitation, and if he were confronted with Dickens's story of the lunars in *Household Words*, or with his French imitator, M. de Crac, he would chivalrously say: "Most creditable, but I . . . . ." Nothing in Munchausen is so colossal as his "I." Like the Gauls he fears naught, save that the sky will fall upon his head, and I am not sure that he fears even that: the accident might enable him to make interesting notes on heaven.

There is, perhaps, unjustified levity in this surmise of mine, for Munchau-

sen is a pious man. When, in Russia, he covers an old man with his cloak, a voice from heaven calls to him: "You will be rewarded, my son, for this in time." It must have been the voice of St. Hubert, the patron to whom Munchausen readily paid his homage, for Munchausen simply believed in him, liked to think that "some passionate holy sportsman, or sporting abbot or bishop, may have shot, planted and fixed the cross between the antlers of St. Hubert's stag." But his piety is personal; he believes that the voice is for him alone, that St. Hubert is his own saint. Gigantic Munchausen shuts out his own view of the world. His shadow falls upon and obscures it. That is why he so continuously brags. The most resolute horsemen shrink from a wild young horse, but Munchausen tames him in half an hour and makes him dance on the tea-table without breaking a single cup; the Grand Seignior discards his own envoy and employs him on state business at Cairo; he makes a cannon off a cannon-ball, "having long studied the art of gunnery"; he does away (in his third edition) with the French persecutors of Marie Antoinette. He, always he, is the actor; he is not the chief actor, he is the sole actor, and the rest of the world is the audience.

So simply and singly does he believe in himself that his gigantic quality is assured. He disdains to imitate; when confined in the belly of the great fish he does not wait like Sindbad, or wait and pray like Jonah: Baron Munchausen dances a hornpipe. He is quite sure that he will escape from the fish: the fish is large, but not large enough to contain the spirit of a Munchausen; and he is sure that the story is true. There is nothing in any adventure to show that the Baron doubted its accuracy, and we must not conclude from his threat in Chapter VIII.: "If any gentleman will say he doubts the truth of this story, I will find him a gallon of brandy and make him drink it at one draught," that he knew himself for a liar. As a man of the world he recognized that his were wonderful stories, and he expected to encounter unbelief, but he did not encounter it within himself. No, Munchausen accepted his own enormity, gravely believed that he "made it a rule always to speak within compass." If he winked at the world as he told his tales it was not because he did not believe in them; he winked because he was gay and, mischievously enough, liked to keep the world on the tenterhooks of scepticism and gullibility. He did not even try to truckle to his audience, to be in any way consistent; thus, when entangled with the eagle he rides in the branches of a tree, he dares not jump for fear of being killed . . . . while he has previously fallen with impunity some five miles, on his descent from the moon, with such violence as to dig a hole nine fathoms deep.

No, this precursor of Bill Adams, who saved Gibraltar for General Elliott, simply believed. Like Falstaff, like Tartarin, he suffered from mirage; though some of his adventures are dreams, monstrous pictures of facts so small that we cannot imagine them, others are but the distortions of absolutely historic affairs. No doubt Munchausen saw a lion fight a crocodile: it needed no gigantic flight for him to believe that he cut off the lion's head while it was still alive, if he actually cut it off "to make sure" when it was dead; and though he did not tie his horse to a snow-surrounded steeple, he may have tied him to a post and found, in the morning, that the snow had so thawed as to leave the horse on a taut bridle; assuredly he did not kill seventy-three brace of wildfowl with one shot, but the killing of two brace was a feat noble enough to be

magnified into the slaughter of a flight.

Munchausen lied, but he lied honestly, that is to himself before all men. For he was a gentleman, a gentleman of high German lineage the like of whom rode and drove in some numbers along the eighteenth century roads. His own career, or rather that of his historian, Raspe,[1] harmonizes with his personal characteristics, reveals his Teutonic origin, and it matters little whether he was the German "Munchausen" or the Dutch Westphalian "Munnikhouson." The first sentence of his first chapter tells of his beard; his family pride stares us everywhere in the face; Munchausen claims descent from the wife of Uriah (and he might have been innocent enough to accept Ananias as a forbear), and knows that *noblesse oblige*, for, says he to the Lady Fragantia when receiving from her a plume: "I swear . . . that no savage, tyrant, or enemy upon the face of the earth shall despoil me of this favor, while one drop of the blood of the Munchausens doth circulate in my veins!" Quixotic Munchausen, it is well that you should, in later adventures, meet and somewhat humiliate the immortal Don. For you are a gentleman of no English and cold-blooded pattern, even though you buy your field-glasses at Dollonds's and doubtless your clothes at the top of St. James's Street. Too free, too unrestrained to be English you maintain an air of fashion, you worship at the shrine of any Dulcinea.

The gallantry of Munchausen exposes his German parentage; he has no use for women, save as objects for worship; they must not serve, as in England, or co-operate, as in France. For him they are inspiration, beautiful things before whom he bows, whom he compliments in fulsome wise; he is preoccupied by woman whenever he is not in the field; he has chivalrous oaths for others than the Lady Fragantia; he makes the horse mount the tea-table for the ladies' pleasure; he receives gracefully the proposals of Catherine of Russia; he is the favorite of the Grand Seignior's favorite; he is haunted by the Lady Fragantia, who was "like a summer's morning, all blushing and full of dew."

Polite and gallant as any modern Herr Lieutenant, Munchausen carries in him the soul of the German professor; he is minute, he kills no two score beasts, but exactly forty one; every little thing counts for him, as if he were a student: Montgolfier and his balloon, architecture, and the amazing etymology for which "Vide Otrckocsus de Orig-Hung." A swordsman and a scholar he recalls those reiters who fled from Kings into monasteries, there to labor as Benedictines. And he has Teutonic appetites. Indeed nothing is so Germanic as the Baron's perpetual concern with food: he remembers how good was the cherry-sauce made from the cherries that grew out of the stag's forehead; he gloats over a continent of cheese and a sea of wine; even on eagleback he finds bladders of gin and good roast-beef-fruit; bread-fruit, plum-pudding-fruit (hot), Cape wine, Candian sugar, fricassee of pistols, pistol-bullets, gunpowder sauce, all these figure in his memoirs. And if, sometimes, he is a little gross, as when he stops a leak in a ship by sitting upon it, which he can do because he is of Dutch extraction, he confirms completely the impression we have of him: a gallant German gentleman, brave in the field, lusty at the trencher, gay in the boudoir.

Good Munchausen, you strut large about the Kingdom of Loggerheads, debonair, tolerant, confident; you believe in yourself, because so large that you cannot overlook yourself; you believe in yourself because you tower and thus

[1] See Mr. Thomas Seccombe's brilliant introduction to the Lawrence and Bullen edition, 1895.

amaze humanity; and you believe in yourself because you are as enormously credulous as you would have us be.

The British Review.

Thus, because you believe in yourself, you are: you need no Berkeley to demonstrate you.

W. L. George.

HONESTY.

By M. E. Francis.

PART II.

CHAPTER XVII.

Zachary did not answer Mrs. Frizzle's letter, and, whatever he thought or felt, made no confidences on the subject to any of his neighbors. He began to ply his trade again, being careful not to encroach upon the area which Honesty now presumably called her own.

One evening, however, shortly before Christmas, having halted for the night just outside Branston, he was surprised to receive a visit from his father-in-law.

Mr. Cuff's appearance was not quite so imposing as on the occasion of their last meeting, and his manner was distinctly less impressive, but he accosted Zachary with great cordiality.

"You be the very man I do most want to see! I was jist about glad to hear you was a-comin' round our ways. Things is awful opset at home. I can tell ye."

"There's nothing wrong wi' Honesty, I hope!" exclaimed Zachary.

"Nay, but 'tis about her I was goin' to speak to ye. *You* haven't had no news of her lately, I suppose?"

Zachary shook his head; he was not going to talk about their painful meeting to any one, and neither did he think it necessary to divulge his wife's whereabouts. She could have communicated with her father had she wished.

"Ah," resumed Cuff, scratching his jaw, "that's a pity. Well, I must just carry out my first notion, and put a advertisement for her on the papers. I've a-wrote it out, and I were a-takin' it up to the town to see about its bein' sent on, when I did hear o' you comin' and I thought I'd try first if you knowed anythin' about my darter. Would ye like to see what I've a-wrote?"

Without waiting for an answer he produced from an inner pocket a grimy slip of paper on which some lines were scrawled. This he handed to his son-in-law.

"If Honesty Short, *née* Honesty Cuff"—read Zachary aloud, then he interrupted himself. "What's the meanin' of *née*?"

"'Tis a short way of putting that was her name afore she was married," rejoined Cuff proudly. "French that is—somebody told me it was the proper thing to say nowadays, and it'll save threepence."

Zachary resumed. "'If Honesty Short, *née* Honesty Cuff, will communicate with the Reverend Harvey at Riverton Vicarage, she will hear of something to her advantage'—What's this? I'd be glad enough to think there was any good fortune comin' to Honesty!"

Cuff glanced at him out of the corner of his eye, and laughed, half uneasily.

"That was my notion, ye see, o' gettin' her to come quick, and settin' folks on her track. Nothin' like lettin' folks reckon there's good luck comin' in somebody's way to set 'em all agog. 'Tis like dogs gettin' wind of a bone—they do all reckon to have a chew at it."

"'Tis a lie, then?" suggested Zachary, ironically.

"Naw, I wouldn't say *that*—it do all

depend the way she do look at it. 'Tis certainly to a young woman's advantage to bide under her father's roof when she bain't livin' along wi' her husband, but o' course I wouldn't say as what I've got to tell her is altogether good news. There, well—the fact o' the matter is her stepmother have a-fell downstairs and broke her leg. That's what's happened, and why I be so terrible anxious for Honesty to come home."

"That's no way to try to get her, then," returned Zachary indignantly.

"We be terrible opset," repeated his father-in-law plaintively. "My missus, there she is, tied to her bed and not able to do nothin'—and what's more she do expect me to work like a galley slave. Ye wouldn't believe it, but she do make me go down and light fire afore it's light, and get breakfast and all. 'Ees, she do order I about shameful. I do have to sweep and clean, and she do make I leave bedroom door open so as she can hear if I be a-doin' it. 'Tis no life for a man—and Doctor's grumblin', and sayin' she isn't looked arter as she ought to be looked arter, and she won't pay out so much as a shillin' to get a woman to do it for her—so thinks I to myself 'Come what may I'll have Honesty back.'"

Zachary's expression changed many times during the course of this speech, and he paused for a moment before answering it, then he said hesitatingly:—

"Would her stepmother treat her civil?"

"I think so," rejoined Cuff doubtfully—"'Ees, I think she would. she'd be jist about glad to be properly done for, d'ye see; and Honesty's a good manager, the bit she'd eat 'ud be soon saved."

Zachary ruminated again.

"Well, it 'ud be better for her to bide wi' you, nor to be doin' what she's doin', tramping about in all weathers—and so lonesome. Anybody mid insult her on the road. She mayn't come—'tis very likely she won't come—I d' 'low she'd find it hard to sarve the woman what's took her poor mother's place—but ye can try. Don't you go advertisin' on the paper though—she wouldn't like that."

"Why, 'twas you what first put the notion in my head!" exclaimed Mr. Cuff in amazed indignation.

"I know I did, but I've changed my mind since then. Honesty do want to keep private—she don't want folks to get talkin' about her. I'll tell ye where she is and ye can go and see her."

"Ye do know where she is?" ejaculated his father-in-law. "Ye do actually know where she is! What's the meanin' o' axin' me if I had news o' her then?"

"I do know where she is," rejoined the other steadily, "but I don't ha' no news o' her. And that's another thing—when ye do see her tell her I'll keep right away t'other side o' country so long as she is here. I'll not come in her way."

"Why, o' course not," returned the elder man, gazing at him in surprise, "I'm sure there'll be no need for me to say that."

"You tell her," insisted Zachary, "it'll be a satisfaction to her to hear it. Some time back I did try to keep near her, jist by way o' protectin' her, you know, and not meanin' to intrude, and she was that vexed she did go all the way to Templecombe to keep out of my reach."

"Well, well!" ejaculated Cuff, staring blankly.

Zachary abstractedly tore up the piece of paper containing Cuff's intended advertisement, and then rousing himself gave him minute directions as to the situation of Mrs. Frizzle's cottage.

"You go latish one evenin' and then you'll find her," he added, "and take my advice and don't say nothin' about it bein' a advantage to her. You tell her you be in trouble—that's what'll make Honesty turn to ye. She've a-got a tender heart—she'd not like to think you was in trouble. If anythin' ud make her turn to ye it 'ud be that."

"Then I'll tell ye what, I'll go straight there now—'ees that's what I'll do and come back on the last train," exclaimed Mr. Cuff. "She mid come along wi' me and things 'ud be easier every way if I didn't talk too much to my missus aforehand. I d' 'low she'll think it a pleasant surprise when Honesty be there."

"You see as she treats her respectful, mind ye," rejoined Zachary, sternly. "You make your wife keep a civil tongue in her head. I'll not have Honesty abused or insulted."

"Why, what have you to say to Honesty now?" rejoined Mr. Cuff.

The momentary animation went out of Zachary's face, and he sighed heavily:—

"'Tis true, I've nothin' to say to her; but I hope"—he was now speaking almost pleadingly—"I hope ye'll not make me repent havin' told ye where to find her. I was meanin' it for her good"—he paused, gazing appealingly at the other, and then suddenly exclaimed in a changed tone:—"I wonder how *you* can sleep in your bed o' nights and go about your work by day, and think o' her doin' what she's doin'—wanderin' from door to door—tiring herself out—her little feet near through her shoes! I can't rest for thinkin' o' it. I don't know how I do live—but she'll not let me help her."

He turned, and went inside his van, shutting the door after him.

Cuff shook his head, sighed, ruminated for a moment, and then approached the window on tiptoe.

Zachary was sitting with his elbows on the table, his head buried in his hands.

His father-in-law drew back, hesitated, and at last tapped at the door.

"'Tis a ark'ard thing what I've a-got to say," he remarked, as Zachary raised his head, "but my missus, she do keep I so shart I haven't the price o' my ticket about me. That there advertisement—I were a-goin' to try to get it in on tick—Honesty 'ud ha' paid for it, I daresay, if my missus didn't."

"Here's the money," said the other, counting out a few coins. "Don't lose it. There's enough for your return and Honesty's single if she do come back wi' you. No, bide a bit. I'll come wi' you to the station."

Returning the money to his pocket, he put on his hat, and the two men left the field together, Mr. Cuff was silent for some moments, but presently exclaimed in a wounded tone:—

"'Tis a wonder you should think I wasn't to be trusted wi' these here few dibs!"

"Ye mid be tempted," rejoined his son-in-law shortly, "and Honesty hasn't got no money for ye—ye mustn't reckon on her."

Mr. Cuff vehemently disclaimed any intention of appropriating to his own use the money intended for Honesty's ticket, though as a matter of fact the idea had crossed his mind that if he did draw upon it to the extent of a pint or two his daughter would be able to make the deficit good.

No more was said till they reached the station, where Zachary took a return-ticket for Templecombe, which he handed over to his father-in-law together with the money for Honesty's ticket.

"Now you bear in mind what ye be axin' her to do," he said. "You jist

think what it'll cost her to go back wi' ye and work for ye and your wife. If she do make that sacrifice for ye—don't ye do nothin' to make it harder for her."

Cuff's heart was touched, and he thrust out his hand.

"I'll shake hands wi' ye on it—will that satisfy ye? I'll keep my word—my darter will ha' no reason to complain o' I. I can't think what i' the name o' fortun' she've a-got again ye, for you'm as good a man as ever I see, and 'tis wonderful how much ye do love her and take thought for her!"

The train came up at this moment, and Cuff entered a third-class carriage, waving an affectionate farewell to the still figure of his son-in-law, but receiving no answering sign.

It was past eight o'clock when Silas arrived at Mrs. Frizzle's house, where he found the door bolted and the lower windows dark.

A little casement in the thatch was however thrown open in response to his energetic knock, and Honesty's voice called out:—"Who's there?"

"It's me," rejoined Cuff, stepping back a little into the road, "your father."

"Father," echoed she is alarm. "Oh, Father, is there anything wrong? Has something happened to Zachary?"

From within the room a quavering voice was now heard:—"Ah, my dear, what did I say? 'Tis bad to be at outs wi' your husband."

Then Honesty's tones sharp with anxiety:—"Tell me—tell me quick what's happened."

"You come down, and I'll tell ye," rejoined her father, gruffly, "'tis very inconvenient to be a-shoutin' out from the middle o' the road."

There was a rush of hurried feet upon the wooden stair, and then the door was thrown open and Honesty's slim form appeared on the threshold. She had thrown a shawl over her nightdress, and her hair was flowing over her shoulders.

"He's dead!" she exclaimed with a gasp and fell sideways against the door post.

"Nay, now, my dear, nay now," rejoined Cuff, catching her in his arms and half carrying her into the house. "He's alive all right. I was speaking to him an hour ago—I never did see such a pair as you be—one as bad as t'other—'Ye've heard bad news o' Honesty,' says he, the minute I told him I was in trouble, and now ye do carry on the same way and yet ye can't make shift and bide together as a dacent married couple should."

Mrs. Frizzle now came downstairs, carrying a light—a very necessary precaution, for Cuff, with his daughter in his arms, was knocking against various articles of furniture in his stumbling progress into the room. She too was clad in night habiliments of somewhat weird nature, the flapping frills of her white cap giving her an almost witch-like appearance.

"Bless me!" ejaculated Cuff, depositing Honesty in a corner of the settle, "both a-bed, was ye?"

"It do save candles," rejoined Mrs. Frizzle, "and Mrs. Shart be just so ready for her bed as I be—she do come home regular tired out of an evening."

"She do look bad," remarked Cuff, gazing at Honesty's white face. "Mrs. Shart's my da'ter, mum—I be her father, Mr. Silas Cuff. She'll have mentioned me to you, I dare say."

"No, she's never named you," rejoined the other. "I did allus think she'd no friends except him as did ought to be the best friend of all. But she forsook him."

"Come now," said Cuff, in an aggrieved tone, "my daughter was allus terrible religious."

"Oh, I wasn't meanin' that—I was a-talkin' of her husband. I d' 'low Mrs. Shart 'ull live to be sorry

for the way she do treat him."

Honesty sat up now, passing her hand across her brow. "What mid ye want o' me, father?" she inquired wearily.

Cuff cleared his throat.

"Well, my dear, I do find it a bit hard to say what I do want arter hearin' as my name—your own loving father's name—has never so much as crossed your lips, but I'm in a bit o' trouble and that's the truth."

"Trouble!" echoed she quickly.

"'Ees. Your husband, what I did get your address from, did advise me for to tell ye all about it straight out. 'Tis my—'tis your"—he hesitated, continuing in a sheepish tone, "'tis the second Mrs. Cuff what has fell downstairs and broke her lag."

"Dear, to be sure!" ejaculated Mrs. Frizzle.

Honesty, too, uttered an exclamation.

"'Ees," resumed Mr. Cuff, rather enjoying the effect of his dramatic announcement; "you wouldn't believe the opset the place is in. There she is in bed a-wantin' the greatest care, doctor do say, and the house all at sixes and sevens. I don't know whether I be on my head or my heels—'tis mis'rable—that's what 'tis, mis'rable. Zachary Shart, your husband, did advise I to tell ye all the whole state o' the case. 'If Honesty do think ye'm in trouble,' he says, 'she'll very likely come to help ye. Honesty has a tender heart,' he says."

"Well," remarked Mrs. Frizzle, in the pause which ensued, "'tis a wonder the poor man could say that, for I d' 'low he hasn't found her show much mercy to hisself."

She had unconsciously put into words the thought which traversed Honesty's own mind.

"You see," resumed her father in a wheedling tone, "I was just on my way to put a advertisement on the paper for ye. 'If Honesty Shart, nee Honesty Cuff'—nee bein' French for bein' your name afore ye was married—'ull communicate wi' Reverend Harvey at Riverton Vicarage, she will hear o' somethin' to her advantage.' I was goin' to make it all right wi' the Reverend. Though I bain't his man now, still he's terrible undone about you bein' lost sight of, and I know he wouldn't ha' no objection to me usin' his name."

"Oh, I'm glad ye didn't put it on the paper, father!" cried Honesty.

"That's the very thing Zachary did say. 'Don't do that,' says he; 'Honesty 'ull not like it—she do want to keep private.' 'Ees, and there's another thing he did bid I tell ye most particular—as he wouldn't come in your way. He'd keep right away t'other side o' the country, he said. 'Ees, he did tell I about ye bein' so annoyed at him tryin' to keep near ye afore, bein' wishful for to protect ye, you bein' so young and so lonesome, and so he says now he'll take care to bide right t'other side o' the country."

Honesty did not speak for a moment or two, and Mrs. Frizzle, seeing that the interview was likely to be of a somewhat long duration, retreated upstairs, leaving her candle on the dresser. From the upper room, however, her voice came down to them:—

"What was that about Mrs. Shart hearin' o' somethin' to her advantage?"

"Oh, that was only my way of attractin' attention," rejoined the man shamefacedly; "there wasn't much meanin' in it. Zachary was a bit annoyed wi' me for wantin' to put it in. 'Honesty 'ull think more o' your bein' in trouble nor about anythin' bein' to her advantage,' he says."

"Did he want me to go back wi' you, then?" asked the girl at last. "Didn't he know how hard it 'ud be for me? There, father, how ever could ye go and put another woman in mother's place! I can't think how ye could find it in your heart, and to go back and

live next door. 'Tis a hard thing what ye do ax o' I; I can't think how anybody could want me to do it."

"Well," said Cuff, "him an' me do both think it 'ud be better for ye nor goin' on the same way ye do now. The roads is not fit for ye to be a-trudgin' on—ye'll be doin' yourself a mischief if ye do keep on travellin' in such wet weather, and maybe the snow 'ull come—how will that be?—and there's all sorts o' bad characters about now comin' on Christmas time—that was what was in your husband's mind, I should judge—'ees, and what's more, he did say so. ' 'Tis no life for her,' says he—' 'twould be better for her to bide wi' you, though I d' 'low she'll find it hard.' "

"You saw him to-day, you say?" said Honesty hesitatingly.

" 'Ees, not above two hours ago. He's campin' over at Branston to-night. I reckon us 'ull walk past the old van, but he'll keep out o' your road."

"You do want me to go to-night? Oh, I couldn't do that. I'll come—I'll come—maybe to-morrow."

"Well, my dear, I think ye did ought to come to-night arter me a-takin' all the trouble to come here to fetch you. Zachary did think so too, mind ye, he did—well, to tell you the truth, he did lend I the money for your ticket. 'It midn't be convenient to Honesty,' he says. 'Ees, he did come to station and take my own ticket for me—he's a bit suspicious by nature, ye know, and just at last minute he did put money into my hand."

Honesty's quick fancy supplied all the missing links in Mr. Cuff's somewhat disjointed narrative, realizing the prudence of Zachary's plan of action and the further proof of his tender care for herself.

"I'll come," she said at last.

The little town of Branston was very quiet when the father and daughter walked through it on their way from the station. As they passed the grass field just beyond the bridge where Zachary had camped, Honesty could not resist slackening her pace; her head involuntarily turned; she must have one look at the old van standing there in its familiar corner.

The moon was shining brightly, and though she could see a dark heap where the fire had been, and some scattered straw near the post which habitually served as picket, the field was empty; Zachary and the van had alike disappeared.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Honesty's anticipations that her visit to her father's new home would be a painful and unpleasant experience were amply justified. Her stepmother, while reluctantly accepting her services, made herself as disagreeable as it was possible to be, and Honesty was the more saddened because of the contrast which this demeanor presented to that of her own gentle and devoted mother. Mrs. Cuff's treatment of her father stirred up in her an even deeper resentment than she felt in her own case.

"How can you let her carry on like that?" she exclaimed angrily to her father one day when they found themselves alone in the bare garden. "Oh, Father, how ever could you ha' married her!"

"There, my dear, she do twite I worse since you've a-come," he rejoined, "she's a bit more polite when we two is by our own selves. She do think a deal o' me really, she's terr'ble proud o' me in her heart. 'Ees," he continued, mortified perhaps by Honesty's silence, "I know she do admire me—I ha' heard her say she'd never ha' married me if I hadn't ha' been such a fine set-up man."

He drew himself up with such evidence of complacency that Honesty, irritated though she was, checked the

incredulous exclamation which rose to her lips.

A large and noisy family inhabited the old home next door, the little garden, which her mother and she had kept so tidy, was neglected now and much trampled by small hob-nailed boots.

Honesty sometimes stood looking over the dividing hedge, on which she and her mother had spread their washing, trying to remember how the place used to look and the little happenings of those bygone days.

The memories thus evoked were not always bright ones; standing shivering by the leafless hedge Honesty recalled many sad and anxious hours. Her mother's ill-health, her father's erratic behavior, her own hankering after Pendleton Farm and its owners—her cheeks burned hotly when she dwelt on this fact—all had conspired to cloud the natural happiness of her youth. Even the joyous days of her childhood at Pendleton were blotted out by the sinister shadow of subsequent events.

In her tiny room upstairs however—the counterpart in size and shape of the little bedroom which she had once occupied in the house on the other side of the hedge—she knew some quiet moments. The narrow casement looked directly down upon the patch of road where Zachary's van had been drawn up on that memorable Christmas Day—the first which they had spent together. Sometimes she thought of the odd, cheery little tea-party which had taken place within the van, of how she and Zachary had spread the table together, and how the party had afterwards gathered round the stove. Again she would picture to herself the dark shape of the van as she had seen it at a later hour standing in the shelter of the hedge, the light streaming from the open door and Zachary seated on the step, his head thrown back, his eyes dreamily fixed on the casement behind which her own girlish figure was ensconced.

This first visit of Zachary's, standing out as it did from so much gloom, formed an almost agreeable memory; she found her mind wandering back to it more and more frequently, and thence projecting itself onwards to certain episodes in her married life which were equally devoid of bitterness; their peaceful journeyings, their pleasant camping places, the quaint and friendly folk they met, the Fair days when they had been so busy, the wayside cottages where they had been made welcome—all her life's happiness, as it seemed to her now, had been concentrated in the few short months when she and Zachary had dwelt together in mutual love and trust.

As Christmas drew near the restlessness habitual to Mr. Cuff at such festive periods came upon him, and was the cause of fresh bickerings between him and his wife.

"Not one farthin' shall ye have to go and make a objec' o' yourself," Mrs. Cuff declared fiercely one day. "And the folks at the inns all about does know very well as I'm not payin' no debts o' yours, so it'll be no use for them to go a-chalkin' of it up. Honesty, you come here."

Honesty obeyed the peremptory command, and ascended the ladder-like stairs.

"Have ye got any money o' your own?" was the next query.

"Only a few shillin's what I've a-saved up for to pay back the lady as helped me to make a start wi' the pedlin'," rejoined Honesty.

"Then you hand them over to me—tie them up in a handkercher, and I'll put them under my piller, or they'll all find their way down the throat o' that sot."

Vexed though Honesty was at the woman's tone, and particularly at the opprobrious epithet applied to her fa-

ther, she could not but see the prudence of the recommendation; and duly confided all her spare cash to Mrs. Cuff's safe keeping.

"Well," said her father, who had been listening to the colloquy from the bottom of the stairs, "if that isn't enough to drive a man to do somethin' desperate!—I'm—I'm blowed if I'll stand it. I *will* do somethin' desperate, and then maybe she'll be sorry."

Honesty endeavored to soothe him, but his words aroused in her an increased feeling of uneasiness, and she kept as close a watch upon his movements as the exacting nature of Mrs. Cuff's requirements would allow.

Christmas Eve came, with its own burden of memories, sweet and bitter. Honesty had little time, however, for dwelling upon them, for not only did her stepmother assign to her an unusual number of tasks, but the fact that her father did not come in as usual at dinner-time filled her with alarm.

She would have known well enough the meaning of this portent in former days, but Mr. Cuff had no money or credit now, and must have long ago exhausted the patience and generosity of his friends.

She endeavored to hide her anxiety from Mrs. Cuff, but that lady was too sharp not to miss the low rumbling of male tones which were habitually to be heard at meal-times.

"Your father didn't come home for dinner?"

"Not yet," rejoined Honesty, endeavoring to assume an indifferent air.

"The man's a reg'lar sammy," said Mrs. Cuff, rolling her head wrathfully on the pillow; "he hasn't got a penny in his pocket, and I've made sure as nobody i' the town will trust him with the price of so much as a pint, yet when your father don't come to look for his victuals it mean's he's a-looking for drink."

This was too obvious a fact for the daughter to make any disclaimer.

"There'd be no use in him tryin' to pop nothin' neither," continued the affectionate wife, ruminating; "I've a-been to all the pawn-brokers and made sure as they won't take in nothin' from him. Everythin' what he've a-got is mine, I do tell them, still ye mid jist so well run down and count the spoons."

Honesty descended, and duly counted the battered half-dozen of silver teaspoons which were Mrs. Cuff's choicest possession; subsequently, at that lady's request, taking stock of the most valuable articles of crockery and hardware.

"Everythin' is in its place," she called out.

"That'll do, then," rejoined her stepmother; "he'll have his walk for nothin'."

All that afternoon Honesty watched and waited, with an old and poignant sensation of living half in the present and half in the past.

Thus had she and her mother often watched and waited formerly, at once longing for and dreading the prodigal's return.

Dusk came, and supper-time, and still no Mr. Cuff.

The hours wore away, and when it was past eleven o'clock her stepmother called out harshly from the upper-floor:—

"You come up to bed! You bolt door, and put out light, and come up. If your father don't choose to come home at a decent hour, he can bide outside—he can sleep in a ditch—'tis what he's fit for."

"Well, I won't agree to that," returned Honesty. "If I do choose to sit up for my father 'tis nobody's affair but my own. I've a-worked hard enough for ye, Mrs. Cuff, for to have my way in this. You can't prevent me lettin' my own father in, no matter

how late he do come to the door, or what he've a-done."

The wrath which Mr. Cuff's contumacy had aroused in the bosom of his wife had been increasing steadily, hour by hour, and had now reached boiling point. Honesty's defiant speech was the last straw. The woman broke out into a flood of coarse vituperation ending with an epithet which sent her step-daughter flying from the house.

Outside, the world was still and cold, and peaceful—hedges and lane alike white with hoar frost, a placid moon sailing aloft in the clear sky.

The girl stood still, pressing her hands to her burning cheeks.

She had felt indignant enough on that bygone Christmas Eve, when the same harsh tones had twitted and upbraided her; but now her indignation was of a deeper order. She had learnt by sad experience the meaning of such taunts as had been flung at her, and was outraged by them.

That house was no home for her; her father seemed to benefit little by her presence. The woman whom she had worked for and tended repaid her by insults. Nobody wanted her—she had no place in the world.

Mechanically she passed through the gate, and wandered a little way down the lane; no sound broke the stillness: her eyes roved sadly from the cloudless sky to the quiet earth; there was peace everywhere except in that throbbing heart of hers.

Presently a shuffling sound attracted her attention, followed, after a moment or two, by low indistinct mutterings in a voice which she recognized. Running quickly round the corner of the lane she came face to face with Mr. Cuff rambling circuitously forward, his hat on the back of his head, his feet, as she clearly perceived in the bright moonlight, destitute of boots.

"Father!" she exclaimed, "'tis you, Father! There, whatever are you doin' wi'out your boots?"

Mr. Cuff stood still, swaying a little.

"Is that my daughter Honesty? 'Ees, I can see it is. Come out to look arter me same as if I was a little child."

"'Tis so late, I was afeared somethin' mid ha' happened to ye, Father. Whatever ha' ye done wi' your boots?"

"Drank 'em," rejoined Mr. Cuff fiercely. "Now ye know. Didn't I tell ye I'd do summat desperate. The life I've been a-leadin' is no life for a man. I was bound to break out, and the woman yonder didn't leave me no ch'ice. I couldn't raise so much as sixpence in any other way. The very coat on my back's one of old Fripp's—but my boots is my own—leastways they was my own," here he paused to ruminate, continuing with a chuckle, "Nay I doubt I can say they're more my own nor ever now, since I've a-drank 'em."

He was in that particular stage of exhilaration which borders perilously on truculence: Honesty recognized the mood, and approached him carefully.

"Well, ye'll come now, Father, anyways; ye'll be glad to come home and rest."

"Rest," ejaculated Cuff indignantly, "how much rest do you think I'll be likely to have wi' that catermoran waitin' for me yonder? I'd ha' gone back to the town only there was them what forced I to go home."

He stood still again, rolling his head with a threatening air.

"There's too much interference wi' me and my fam'ly—that's what 'tis—folks a-throwin' in my teeth about me breakin' my promises. Says I, 'tis pot and kettle then. Didn't you pass your word to keep t'other side o' the country? I says."

Honesty's clasp tightened on his arm. She had intended to support her father, but now clung to him herself.

They both swayed, but she, righting herself, held him steady.

"Who are you talkin' of?" she asked.

"Why that husband of yours. Didn't he send ye a most partic'lar message as he'd not intrude on ye nohow, and 'ud keep away from these parts altogether—and there he is, campin' out so bold as brass at the end o' this very lane."

Honesty found no words, and her father resumed, as he continued his shambling progress forward:—

"I did put that to him pretty plain, and he hadn't no proper answer—only some stuff and rubbish about not being able to keep away from the place on this night.—'She'll never know nothin' about it,' he says, 'I'll be gone long before she's up i' the marnin'. You yourself 'ud never ha' knowed nothin' about it if you'd gone home at a decent time.' Fancy him havin' the impidence to say that. 'You did promise not to intrude,' I told him, but he did say it couldn't be intrudin' to come and go same as a shadow.—It ill becomes him to twite I, though."

Here Mr. Cuff, overcome by his sense of the pervading injustice of things and the special hardness of his own case, began to weep, and poured forth incoherent lamentations during the remainder of their slow pilgrimage.

When they arrived at the cottage, Honesty loosed his arm and stood watching him as he stumbled heavily forward, and cast himself upon the horsehair-covered sofa in a corner of the kitchen.

"He'll be all right there," she said to herself.

Mr. Cuff was now indeed comfortably somnolent, and though his wife's strident tones saluted his entrance, he paid little heed to them, rejoicing, even in his muddled condition, in the fact that she was tied fast to her bed.

Honesty, standing on the threshold, hesitated for a moment, gazing at the sodden figure huddled on the sofa and hearkening to the woman's shrieking invective.

These sordid folks had no need of her, but yonder was one who loved and wanted her, who had travelled miles on this wintry night to honor the sacred memory of their first meeting!

Drawing a quick breath she turned out the light, closed the door and then walked swiftly down the lane. Her head swam as she hastened forward; the throbbing of her heart seemed to drown the sound of her light feet.

At the last curve of the lane she paused. There, straight in front of her was the van, the door open as she had so often pictured it of late, the path of light seeming to lead to it, and there, crouching over the fire, was Zachary.

As she saw him sitting thus by his lonely fireside, haggard and grey, incredibly aged, his very shoulders rounded with the weight of his invisible burden, there came a sudden breaking up of the deeps within her.

This bowed solitary man was her husband whom she loved!

Did she cry his name aloud as she ran towards him, with faltering feet and outstretched arms, or was it the voiceless call of her spirit which caused him to turn and look upon her, and then go stumbling down the steps to meet her?

Neither of them ever knew exactly how it came about, but in a moment they were clinging together, and—even as they embraced, each forgave the other. No words were needed, but as they clasped each other, they knew and understood.

Suddenly the whole wintry night vibrated to the solemn clangor of the Christmas bell, and they started apart, only to fall once more into each other's arms.

"'Tisn't a dream, then," said Zach-

ary. "I've a-dreamt o' this so often—but ye do hear the bell too, love?"

"'Ees," rejoined she, with a laugh that ended in a sob. "I do hear it ringin'—most partic'lar joyful—as ye did tell me once. 'Tis ringin' for our weddin'—our true weddin'—we be never to part again."

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So Zachary brought his bride home for the second time.

With the closing of the door, the ruddy glow disappeared and the van stood in the shadow of the hedgerow all dusky save for the tiny rays which escaped from chinks in shutters and doorway telling of warmth and brightness within.

[*The End.*]

WHY FRANCE LOST IN 1870.

The continuous succession of French works of the highest merit dealing with the war of 1870 is a remarkable phenomenon. In the last few years we have had the great history of the war, still in course of publication, by the French Staff, which is a monument of impartiality, completeness and lucidity. We have had M. Ollivier's history of the Second Empire, of which the sixteenth volume has just appeared—a book of eminent good faith and extraordinary interest. We have had M. Bapst's *Life of Canrobert*, which like M. Ollivier's *magnum opus*, is still incomplete. We have had an admirable series of monographs on various battles of the war by Captain Picard and General Bonnal. These are but a few names out of a great host of books ceaselessly pouring from the presses of Paris. When we remember the extraordinary attraction which the epic of the First Empire must exercise on French minds, since its campaigns show France at the very zenith of her glory, this concentration of attention upon a period filled only with disaster and humiliation—a period upon which no Frenchman even to-day can look back without a shudder—is surely proof of a fortitude and moral courage that augur well for the future of France. It is from defeat and disaster that nations learn to mend their ways. Jena taught Prussia the methods which led straight up to Waterloo and Sedan. The French nation of to-day is quietly, humbly, following in its conqueror's path, interrogating the past to ascertain why it was beaten in "the terrible year" and how it can win if the assault should be renewed.

So great is the prestige which the Germans have acquired by their victories in 1870 that it is as well for the world to have the actual nature of their achievements investigated in cold blood, and the conditions of 1870 dispassionately compared with those of to-day. As Captain Picard has finely said, "Bitter as is the task of relating the events which led the Frency army to Sedan and left it with no alternative but capitulation, it is not paradoxical to assert that a profound study of our defeats leaves, not so much a sense of infinite sorrow for our misfortunes in this past, as a feeling of consolation for the present and of hope for the future. We have only to reflect on the difference between our army in 1870 and our army of to-day. The very astonishment which fills us at the record of our past mistakes gives us the measure of the advance we have achieved in forty years." "In 1870," writes M. Ollivier in his last volume, "we were

overwhelmed by un unbroken series of aberrations, of failures physical, intellectual and moral, which it would be impossible for human nature to repeat in the same degree."

In these statements there is nothing exaggerated. They contain the truth. For what were the causes that led to the French defeat in 1870, and how far have they vanished? First is the fact that France was surprised in every sense of the word. She was surprised by Bismarck, who forced the struggle upon her at a critical moment, before Niel's scheme of army reform had had time to work, before her artillery had been re-armed, and before she had been able to secure the alliance of Austria and Italy, with whom Napoleon was in negotiation. Bismarck did not make war till he had obtained a positive assurance from Moltke and Roon that Germany was sure of victory. Then he chose the very moment when the French Premier, M. Ollivier, was declaring "there is no German question"—a declaration in which he honestly believed—to spring the Hohenzollern candidature for the throne of Spain upon France. Only fourteen days before war broke out the French army was reduced by 10,000 men. How Bismarck compelled France to fight is now familiar to all. "Blessed is the hand that falsified the Ems despatch," a German historian has written, and Bismarck himself exulted in that falsification. But to-day such a stratagem would not succeed. Even if Germany had a Bismarck to attempt its repetition, France is not likely to be rushed into war in the same way because her diplomacy is in wiser hands than the Duc de Gramont's. Believing that the French Government was delivering an aggressive attack upon Prussia out of sheer jealousy and hatred, Europe in 1870 was generally hostile to France. To-day it is Germany, not France, that is widely distrusted, and France has the definite alliance of Russia, and a promise of British support if attacked. No such damaging documents as the draft treaty handing Belgium over to France—a treaty which Bismarck had obtained by an astute trick but which Napoleon had never accepted—could be produced by the German diplomatists. Europe has entire confidence in the good faith and straightforwardness of the diplomacy of the Third Republic.

Secondly, the German forces placed in the field at the outset were overwhelmingly superior in numbers to the French. On July 31, 1870, the French returns show that only 238,000 men were available at the front for the campaign. The German effective field army at this date, deducting all detachments and second line troops, was 450,000, a superiority of nearly 100 per cent. At the present day the total German force which can be mobilized is 5,500,000, according to figures given by General von Falckenhausen. The French total was placed by M. Klotz in 1911 at 4,000,000. The German field army is organized in twenty-five army corps, of which it is understood that at least three will be required for defence on the Russian frontier, leaving twenty-two for action against France. The French field army consists of twenty-one corps, one of which is absent in Algeria, and two of which will be required to watch the Italian frontier. This leaves eighteen army corps available for the Alsace-Lorraine frontier. Even if we suppose that the entire German twenty-five corps are thrown upon these eighteen French corps, odds of twenty-five to eighteen are very different from odds of two to one.

In 1870 the French artillery numbered 780 field guns and 144 mitrailleuses, which were only distributed at

the last moment to the troops and the proper use of which was unknown to the French Generals. The guns were of an antiquated pattern, muzzle-loaders, and their replacement had already been decided by Napoleon. Their value was further reduced by an insane mistake of Marshall Leboeuf's. Originally, they were equipped with shells, with time-fuses arranged to explode at distances of 1500, 1750, 2000, 2300, 2700, and 3000 metres. Leboeuf suppressed the distances of 1750, 2000, 2300, and 2700 metres, so that the French guns were powerless at ranges between 1500 and 3000 metres (a metre is approximately 1.1 yards). The German artillery had only to take up positions at 2000 or 2700 yards and the French guns could not fire with effect. This fact was sufficient in itself to give the German artillery an overwhelming advantage. We may almost say that the French army took the field without artillery—the most essential of the three arms in offensive battles. As Captain Colin has pointed out,[1] it was because of this fearful weakness that the French troops were crushed beneath the weight of the German shells whenever they attempted to attack. But this was not all. To the 780 French cannon and the 144 useless[2] mitrailleuses, the Germans could oppose 1558 guns, so that in numbers again they were superior to the extent of about 100 per cent. There is no such superiority either in number or quality of guns to-day. The German artillery is to the French in numbers about as five to four. But the French gun is admittedly the best gun in use in Europe to-day. It is really a quick-firer; that is to say it has no recoil and can be fired time after time when the range has been obtained, without being relaid. The German gun—like the British—jumps slightly with the recoil after each shot, and has to be constantly relaid.

In any battle of the future between the two armies the German artillery would not be free, as it was in 1870, to beat down the infantry fire of its enemy. It would be hard put to it to hold its own, and the silencing of so good and perfectly efficient an artillery as the French would be impossible without immense sacrifices.

As if further to handicap the unhappy French, their artillery in 1870 adopted fundamentally unsound tactics. Where the Germans pushed all their available guns into the line of battle, the French artillery commanders kept a large number of their guns in reserve, so that their batteries were destroyed or driven out of action in detail. Thus, these were the conditions: The French guns were useless at medium ranges; they were originally outnumbered in a ratio of two to one by the German guns; and this inferiority was increased by the practice of only bringing about half the guns into action at the opening of the battle.

As against this extraordinary inferiority in artillery, the French in 1870 possessed a rifle greatly superior in range and accuracy to the German weapon. There is no such difference to-day; indeed the German rifle is very slightly superior. But in 1870 the French generals did not know how to use their excellent rifle.

And this brings us to a point of extreme importance—the quality of the French leadership in 1870. Captain Colin has shown that there is no real foundation for the common idea that the French regulations at the time of the war of 1870 discouraged the offensive. Both the official and unofficial teaching emphasized the importance of the attack, and in this respect there was nothing to choose

[1] "Transformations de la Guerre, p. 34."

[2] Because their use had not been studied.

between the French and German armies. But whereas the German generals acted on this teaching, the French did not. The explanation is to be found in part in the deplorable weakness of the French artillery, but also in the defective training of the French generals. In France the theory of war and the campaigns of Napoleon I. were not studied at all or carelessly studied. In Germany they were the subject of constant examination and reflection. In France, experience in the petty campaigns of Algeria had led officers and men and statesmen to imagine that French troops could always "muddle through," even without knowledge and a doctrine of war. Some of the French high officers had obtained valuable experience of serious war in Italy and the Crimea. But the men with this experience were growing old by 1870, and had lost their fire and energy. The German generals, on the other hand, had gained recent and precious knowledge in the war with Austria only four years before the struggle with France.

Above all, the commander-in-chief of the French army was physically and mentally unfit for his task. The Emperor Napoleon was suffering from an agonizing disease which inflicted tortures upon him whenever he mounted a horse. At the combat of Saarbrueck, with which the war opened, he was in such a state that he was compelled to lean against a tree to stand. Not only this, but he caught a violent cold at the opening of the campaign and this affected the working of his brain. "How unfortunate! Terrible! But what are we to do?" he repeated constantly. Marshal Leboeuf, his War Minister and Chief of the Staff, told discreet emissaries from Paris whom he could trust—for he was absolutely loyal to the Emperor—"It is the Emperor that is ruining everything." When Napoleon's despatches were being read to him one most critical night by a captain on the staff, "at the second or third, the Emperor stopped him. 'I suffer too much . . . I cannot listen to anything more . . . Leave me.'" His illness had shaken his will and left him a man who was dying by inches and who was quite incapable of any strong resolution. Moreover, he was by nature a weak man. Gentle, kindly, good-natured, notwithstanding the *coup d'état*, such was his character that he could not give a firm order and insist upon its being obeyed. There was no one about him to help him or to take the command from his shoulders. Leboeuf, as a former aide-de-camp, did not assert himself strongly, but usually deferred to the Sovereign's opinion, though he was brave and loyal enough to give sound advice.

I was obliged to admit [said one of Napoleon's suite] that when we received these appalling telegrams (telling of the defeats at Woerth and Forbach) I did not find among the generals in whose atmosphere the Emperor lived, the calm, the judgment, the cheerfulness and firmness which I should have liked to distinguish among these old soldiers who all had waged war and who were the natural counsellors of their Sovereign.

The result was that while Napoleon was altogether unfit to command no one else could exercise authority in his presence. Realizing his own weakness the Emperor always listened to the last adviser, and changed his opinion from moment to moment. Counter-order succeeded order; the troops marched and counter-marched. The following series of telegrams, sent from Metz to Nancy on a single day, illustrates the hopeless indecision that prevailed:

Keep all the supplies at Nancy that you have there.

Send to Metz all the supplies you have.

Send nothing to Metz.

Consider the last telegram as null; send to Metz all you have.

The effect of these shifts and hesitations was felt by the soldiers, and demoralized the army before it came into contact with the enemy. Just as a horse knows when it has a nervous, uncertain rider, so an army knows instinctively when it is weakly led. The German high command in the hands of the old King William and Moltke represented energy and will personified. It knew what was to be done and did it.

All who saw Napoleon at Metz felt that it was vital to remove him from the army and to induce him to return to Paris, where his presence would have been of great service to the country. But, unfortunately, the Empress would not hear of this course and exerted all her power to prevent the withdrawal of her husband from the army. M. Ollivier tells us that she declared it was "impossible" for him to return without a victory. Her resistance to the proposal "was not inspired by dynastic interests and still less by national interests. Hers was the devotion of a wife who had resigned herself to her husband's loss of his throne, but not to his loss of his good name. This was an entirely honorable sentiment in a private person, but it had nothing royal about it. A ruler on such an occasion as this ought to sacrifice his renown and his personal glory to the safety of his people." In the end the situation became impossible. Another commander-in-chief was appointed, but not until the mischief had been done; and to the last Napoleon's presence brought disaster on his gallant troops, though the sentiment which led him to share their dangers and trials was, as M. Ollivier has said, an entirely honorable and even noble one.

Such a complication as an invalid commander-in-chief will certainly not recur in the French army. The modern French generals are equal in courage to their predecessors of 1870, but they are infinitely superior in strength of character and knowledge. For the last forty years the history of war has been closely studied in the French army. Its military literature is to-day second to none.

Of the French generals in 1870, two were generally regarded, even by their own contemporaries who did not look for a high degree of efficiency, as ill-fitted for command in the field. De Failly had been one of Napoleon's aides-de-camp. He was placed in command of the 5th corps and distinguished himself by utter incompetence and scandalous disobedience. Frossard, in command of the 2nd corps, was the Prince Imperial's tutor. He was a fair theorist and a passable writer on war; a man of high intellectual attainment; but, being an engineer, he had little practice in the handling of troops in the field and was disliked by his men. His failure was complete.

In 1870, the French fortresses were ill-prepared and badly armed, and as the French army was speedily forced to adopt the defensive, this was a serious matter. To-day the whole French eastern frontier is protected by a series of works and fortresses, all excellently prepared for war. Along the 180 miles of frontier runs a chain of forts, in which there are only two gaps—one near the Belgian frontier, to the north of Verdun, now it is believed, being closed; and a second between Toul and Epinal, left with intention, because this is the point at which the French staff would prefer to fight a pitched battle. The object in constructing this chain of forts was to give France an artificially strong frontier, since she had been deprived

of her natural frontier by the loss of Alsace-Lorraine. It has to a great extent been attained. Until the assaults on Port Arthur, it was generally believed in Germany that forts of this type could be rushed by a determined attack carried out regardless of any loss of life. Since the fearful and resultless slaughter at Port Arthur, German opinion on this point has been greatly shaken. It is now considered possible that the forts would prove impregnable to ordinary attack by field troops, and that they would have to be reduced by siege operations. This is a matter of extreme moment, as the German plan of campaign against France and Russia is believed to consist in flinging almost every available German soldier upon France, destroying her army, and then moving the German troops back through Germany to the eastern frontier. Such a plan involves as its essential for success that the French army shall be very quickly dealt a smashing blow. It precludes siege operations. Whether without the forts it would be possible for the German armies, even with such a superiority as they at present possess, to destroy the French armies with the requisite speed is very doubtful. It is as certain as any fact can be that it is impossible, given the present force and quality of the French army and the existence of the forts.

In 1870, the French mobilization was so defective that the calculated strength of 420,000 men with the colors was never attained. The German mobilization on the other hand was carried out with speed and success, and every man wanted was there. It was through this perfectly prepared mobilization that the Germans were able to strike their enemy with such a marked numerical advantage three weeks after the outbreak of war. To-day, the French mobilization will probably, according to General Bernhardi, be completed a few hours before the German. In the *alerte* of 1905, without fuss and with few people in Europe learning what was happening, the French military authorities brought up eight army corps to the neighborhood of the frontier, though, as is well known, at the time of the Delcassé crisis, the French army was badly prepared in comparison with its state of readiness to-day. Thus here again Germany has no advantage.

In the new arm, the air service, the two Powers are on an even footing. France has an immense superiority in aeroplanes, and her airmen are among the best in the world. Germany has a marked superiority in airships which may render very precious services, and as yet the French authorities have not seriously grappled with this matter, though it is hoped that in the present year steps will be taken to strengthen the French fleet of dirigibles and to provide the airship garages which are essential. The German aircraft are notably superior to the French in size, speed, and carrying power, and this though France led the world by designing the first dirigible balloon.

Even with all the material and moral factors against them, the French came very near victory in the earlier battles of the war.[1] At Woerth, for instance, if de Failly had marched with the 5th corps to MacMahon's aid and had obeyed the orders given him, it is certain that the Germans must have suffered a repulse, if not a serious defeat. This is the conclusion of a distinguished German military writer, Major Kunz.

> The Germans [he says] were obliged to employ all their forces to crush the 45,000 (really 40,000) combatants under Marshal MacMahon's orders. At the

[1] A wounded German officer told Hoenig during the German advance at Mars-la-Tour: "You will be astonished. It is no cat-shooting as in 1866" (the year of the war with Austria).

close of the fight their energy was exhausted. The only exceptions were some fractions of units which had only just reached the field. It cannot then be doubted that the battle would have resulted in a terrible defeat for the Germans if the Marshal (MacMahon) had suddenly been joined, about 2 p. m., by 28,000 fresh French troops at Elsasshausen.

Captain Picard, who quotes this criticism, holds that it goes too far. The German artillery would have beaten back a French offensive. But, if the battle had been indecisive, at the very outset of the campaign the Germans would have suffered a check, and Austria and Italy might have decided to intervene.

At the battle of Forbach, fought on the same day, between approximately equal forces, the French commander, Frossard, held his own and reinforcements were fast coming up. But at the critical moment he lost heart and ordered a retreat. Here again there was a lamentable failure of other French generals in his immediate vicinity to give him support. M. Ollivier defends the conduct of Bazaine, who was chiefly responsible for this failure, yet the facts speak for themselves. Had Bazaine moved up with every man the moment he knew that a battle was raging, Forbach must have been a great French victory. The war of 1870, instead of opening with two grave French defeats, would then have begun with an indecisive battle in Alsace and a French success in Lorraine, and this notwithstanding all the defects of the French supreme command and the numerical weakness of the French army.

At the battle of Mars-la-Tour, really the decisive struggle of the whole war, the French troops won a victory in spite of their generals, and the generals threw it away. The battle was fought in these circumstances: The French army in full strength, with about 150,000 men, was retreating from Metz along the road to Verdun. The main German forces were at some distance from the line of retreat, as they had to move round Metz southwards. Only one German army corps and one division of German cavalry were near the road along which the French were marching. The German strength at the opening of the battle did not exceed 30,000 men, though it steadily rose. The German object was to delay the French retreat, and, if possible, to get possession of the Verdun road, thus cutting off the French from Paris. By a curious stroke of luck—which throughout this campaign ran against the French—the German army corps on the scene happened to be the best and most solid in the German army, and the general in command of it, Alvensleben II., an officer of the most exceptional courage, insight and energy. In fact it might be truly said that only one German corps, the 3rd, was capable of stopping the French in such circumstances, and only one German general would have had the audacity to attempt such a blow. The right corps and the right general were on the spot, but this was not due to the German headquarters; it was the result, first of chance, which so ordered events that the 3rd corps was closest to the line of retreat, and second of Alvensleben's own splendid initiative in disobeying his instructions. For this initiative, of course, Moltke and the German military system must be given full credit, since German officers had been systematically encouraged to think for themselves. But the initiative could never have been displayed had not fortune brought Alvensleben and his men to the very spot where they were most needed. Moltke, whose judgment was usually so sure, had on this occasion mistaken the situation. He thought that the French had carried their re-

treat so far that the Germans could do nothing but pursue.

The odds were so overwhelmingly against the Germans that, if even an ordinary second-rate general had commanded the French, their victory was certain. No genius was required. But, unhappily for the French, the man in command was Bazaine, who had not one single idea in his head, and whose only aim was to shirk responsibility by issuing no orders. A magnificent opportunity of crushing the German 3rd corps and the 10th corps, which in the afternoon came to its assistance, was thrown away. The subordinate French commanders were too old and too dispirited to display initiative themselves. Yet, as Colonel Picard states, had Bazaine ordered them to advance and attack the enemy on that August afternoon, he would have driven the two German corps back in disorder and he could then, with troops exalted by victory, have assailed Prince Frederick Charles's army at a moment when it was dangerously scattered. It was the last chance, and when it passed, Alsace and Lorraine were lost.

It is because she recognizes this tremendous renascence of the French army that Germany has decided upon a great increase in her land forces. France has done all that lies in her power. With a population of only forty millions she cannot by any device create and maintain as large an army as Germany, with her sixty-six millions. Everything now depends upon England's action. She alone by adopting universal service, could restore the balance of power which is once more in danger. Russia can help, if time is given. But the new and immense armaments which Germany is now preparing render it possible that France may be struck down before the Russian masses which are remote from the German frontier, can come into play. German soldiers calculate that, if with twenty-five corps they cannot crush France with the required rapidity, they would be able to effect their end with thirty corps, and it is at some such standard that they are now aiming. With such a force they hope to compel France to abandon the British Alliance and thus to isolate the British Empire, whose fall would open to them the world. Are we going to remain apathetic and inert while our destiny is thus being decided? Nothing is more certain than that, France once beaten down or forced into a German alliance, Britain could not stand against an immense coalition alone.

H. W. Wilson.

The National Review.

GOLDSMITH AND PINCHBECK.

By Sir James Yoxall, M.P.

Your eighteenth-century gentleman must carry a snuff-box, a *bon-bon* box to offer to ladies, two watches, a knobbed cane, and a cluster of seals; but a Georgian cit with hardly a guinea in his pocket might ruffle it at Ranelagh with shining shoe-buckles, gorgeous-headed rattan, gleaming snuff-box, and burnished ornaments dangling at his fob, the whole pinchbeck group of them bought at a tenth of their cost in gold. And no lady could detect the difference; though a goldsmith would.

There is pinchbeck in bookmaking, and there is gold. Here, all the way from the Rue Lafayette, comes a catalogue of books into which I search immediately, lest treasures in English, on sale in France cheaply, may be bagged by telegram before *I* discover them.

But all that I spy in this particular catalogue is "9352, An Abridged History of England, from Julius Cæsar to George the Second"—egad (as the cit would say) what a collocation of names! What the catalogue says, however, is *Une des meilleures œuvres de l'auteur du Vicaire de Wakefield.*" Egad!

That piece of criticism comes from France, so that perhaps we should pronounce the last word in it Vakefield—"with a we"; as people still sounded the "w" when they sang "Villikins and his Dinah," hardly half a century ago. Perhaps the last popular trace of the Norman and Angevin difficulty with our doubleyous died out with the Wellers. Here is a verse, as authentic as some of Percy's "Reliques" and Scott's "Minstrelsy," which registers the old Cockney utterance:—

Ho it's hof a young voman
Vhat in Vestminster did dvell!
Hall a-growin' and a-blowin'
Vos the wi'lets her did sell.
From the hold hancient Habbey
To the 'Ossguards her did pace,
Hall a-growin' and a-blowin'
Vos the roses hon 'er face!

But in that I am penning pinchbeck Cockney now. Whither has it all gone, so soon, the dialect that Dickens loved?

Pinchbeck was an amalgam, three parts of zinc to one part of copper; it would polish up till it looked like gold, and it could be stamped, embossed, and chased quite prettily. Goldsmith would know that his "Abridged History" was pinchbeck, mere book-making. Yet it is "one of the best works of the author," you have written, poor old snuffy *littérateur* who have failed, and now sit so patiently, writing lists and annotating them, in a second-hand bookseller's back shop, with even the love of the volumes you handle fading out of your eyes. I should think the worst torture of Tantalus must have been to taste no savor in the dangling fruits when he clutched them at last. Young, you lived to write well; old, you write catalogues for a living. But take comfort in this, that even bad writers have failed.

In the year 1771 Oliver Goldsmith had ceased to fail; he was wearing fine linen and purple, the booksellers were after him, as the picture-dealers were soon to be after George Morland (whose work so resembles Goldsmith's) with little bags of guineas that chinked. The poet of "The Traveller," and the moralist of "The Vicar of Wakefield, a Tale" might do capable book-making, the booksellers thought, and so did Goldsmith; not book-making of the most skilful kind, that is practised at race-meetings, but still, book-making worth money. For his History of England they offered him fifty little bags of ten guineas apiece. Eight hundred guineas, indeed, was his fee for "An History of the Earth and Animated Nature"; but that was a mighty book in eight volumes, that quickly sold into a second and third edition, was colported all over the country and the Colonies, and continued to sell for a century; I remember an issue of it, with colored illustrations, coming out in 1867. It was not a book that Humboldt or Darwin might quote from, or a Professor prescribe for a manual, but Oliver's hand had woven style and interest into each of its multitudinous pages; through all its texture ran the woof of a golden Virgilian prose. Goldsmith wrote English naturally and easily, like breathing, just as John Bright spoke English; read a stenographer's report of a speech by Bright and you might be listening to Goldsmith himself.

With what picture and point he expressed himself, in what other bookmakers must have made mere desert dry pages! "Wherever man approaches, the savage beasts retire"—can't you see the lion turn growling off? "Wherever man has spread his

dominion, terror seems to follow: there is then no longer society among the inferior tenants of the plain." Not Cicero himself could have better worded "the desolation of war, the insolent severity of victors, and the servitude of those overcome." A pleasant essayish inconsequence animates his "Animated Nature," too; as when he chats of his walks near "the city of Paris," or recalls having seen the freezing of the Rhine, near Schaffhausen, or tells how he flushed up woodcock with his feet as he crossed the Jura hills. A good part of his "Traveller" was fudge; I doubt if he ever saw Carinthia, or the "stormy mansion" of the Swiss, even, but he had wandered in the nearer Europe, and his book-making was the better for that. His history was no history, perhaps, nor his science science; but his golden nib made literature of both. So that they are not really pinchbeck after all.

It is Boswell who tells us how Goldsmith "was busy on writing a Natural History, and that he might have full leisure for it had taken lodgings at a farmer's house near to the six-mile stone in the Edgware road." He "had carried down his books"—Buffon, and the rest of his raw material—"in two returned post-chaises"; I hear the crack of the whip, see Goldsmith run out into the street bareheaded, to stop the postilions and parley. The chaises would be going back from London empty, and he would turn them into perambulating libraries as far as "the six-mile stone" for a shilling apiece, I daresay. That touch of the "two returned post-chaises" smacks of the date; but I, even I, have ridden from Cheverney to Blois in a return post-chaise for a couple of francs; sweet to the evening traveller on the hard, hot, white roads of France is the "rumble of a returning empty" heard behind; as I heard it in the Forêt de Soignies the other day. You mount, and the road begins to trot past you; you meet a procession of milestones at once. "The six-mile stone in the Edgware road" has fallen in the race, I imagine, and the tombstone beside the Temple Church, at which Americans gaze so kindly, does not authentically mark the spot where Oliver's bones lie dust; but Hyde House farm, where he wrote "She Stoops to Conquer," remains, at the village of the Hyde in Middlesex, to this day.

Goldsmith told Boswell that "the farmer's family thought him an odd character," and no wonder, for there never was artist or author worth the name whom "the inferior tenants of the plain" did not think odd. When Boswell went to visit Goldsmith at Hyde House farm, "he was not at home; but having a curiosity"—when was Boswell without one?—"we went in, and found curious scraps of descriptions of animals scrawled upon the wall with a blacklead pencil." Among them Boswell may have found some definition of a parasite, or some stinging scrap anent that garrulous insect the eavesdropper. At any rate, he did not like Goldsmith. Goldsmith had censured his hero-worship. "One evening, in a circle of wits"—note the parasitic touch—"Goldsmith found fault with me for talking of Johnson as entitled to the honor of unquestionable superiority. 'Sir,' said he 'you are for making a monarchy of what should be a republic,'" but in a Republic of Letters this same Boswell would have been the courtier still. While Johnson harangued and Boswell adoringly listened, Goldsmith could never "get in and shine."

He died at forty-six, he did not live through his dream. He had told his dream of his autumn in Virgilian verse—you remember it, his vision of return to sweet Auburn?—

And as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,

Pants to the place from whence at first he flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return, and die at home at last.

That, my poor snuffy old friend in the Rue Lafayette, is *une des meilleures œuvres de l'auteur du "Vicaire de Wakefield,"* though, read him anywhere, we travel in the realms of gold.

Now for the pinchbeck—four lines of contrast:—

Sweet harmonist! and beautiful as sweet!
And young as beautiful! And soft as young!
And gay as soft! And innocent as gay!
And happy (if aught happy here) as good!

That these are the four best lines in the book I honestly believe, and "honorable as honest" I do quote.

The strange thing about the book is that the binding is stamped with the figures 1817, while the title-page is dated MDCCCXXIII; but the binder, even if he did get wrong with the figures, was a craftsman of perfect taste and skill. Nothing more sincere in quality and restful in color than this crushed morocco can be imagined; this bold but reticent tooling observes the true law of ornament, that half the space should be blank, and the binder used the best leaf only, so that the tint of it is now that pleasant color, fashionable twenty years ago, which is called "old gold"—not a line of it has blackened.

Even the brown-silk book-mark is still fresh and flat; the margins of the pages were left ample; and so proud was the craftsman of his handiwork that he put his minute label on it, up at the left-hand corner of the first end-paper, where I read that the book was "Bound by J. Mackenzie." I have no list of Fine Old English Bookbinders at hand—indeed, such a list has still to be compiled and published—but both the first glance and close examination show that "J. Mackenzie" was an epicure of work; he designed, he labored, and he achieved delightfully. The printer, too, "C. Whittingham, Chiswick," knew how to choose and use his materials and tools; not a page is foxed or blurred.

Wonderfully well printed off are the ten exquisite vignette illustrations, one to each section of the book; they are early impressions from the copper, too, for they even show a burr. Examining them, I find that the binder must have been right about the date, and the title-page wrong, for here beneath the vignette to the ninth section are the words "Drawn by Richard Westall R.A. Engraved by F. Engleheart. Published by John Sharpe, Piccadilly, March 15, 1817"; so that J. Mackenzie, binder, had inspected closely the pages he was about to clothe in chestnut brown and gold. The engraver Engleheart, by the way, was nephew to Engleheart the miniaturist; art runs in families, and this Engleheart was accounted the best engraver for books in his day. But why all this art, this craftsmanship, this affectionate care for a piece of pinchbeck, mere poetastery?

For what is the book itself? It is "The Complaint: or Night Thoughts. By Edward Young, D.D." Doubly damned (as an author) those initials should have stood for, but did not; what is called "the religious public" is the worst of judges and the most purchasing of pockets. The preface tells us that "When we speak of Young, we always refer to his 'Night Thoughts.' It required no ordinary genius"—O critic indeed! ordinary genius!—"to communicate any poetical interest to a poem on such a plan, and of such a class of subjects"—in the wonderful eighteenth century a man set out to write a "poem" much as one might a leading article to-day! "Yet this is one of the few poems on which the broad stamp of popularity has been prominently impressed."—O critic, reviewer worthy of your task! forerunner

of reviews of to-day!—"Editions have been multiplied from every press in the country. It is to be seen on the shelf of the cottager, with the Family Bible and the Pilgrim's Progress; and it ranks among the first and favorite materials of the poetical library. What is more remarkable is that the French are fond of Young, although they cannot understand either Milton or Shakespeare." Poor French! I understand the annotation from the Rue Lafayette at last. How might Goldsmith "get in and shine" across the Channel, when Shakespeare was dimmed to French eyes, and Milton blinded, by the effulgence of Edward Young, D.D.?

Fortunate Dr. Young! Yet what was he, as a poet? His very first line passes for a proverb now: "Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!" has been mouthed a million times by folk quite proud to find that they can remember at least one line of "poetry"; and it is just a commonplace, obviously intelligible paraphrase of a truism—even in the House of Commons men applaud a platitude more loudly than any other form of speech. The fifth line gives the measure of the author—"And lights on lids unsullied by a tear"—what a "poet" he who can suppose a tear could sully anything! The preface speaks of his "Gothic gloom"; here is an example:

From short (as usual) and disturbed repose,
I wake: how happy they who wake no more!

It is good to think that there scarcely can come a time again when Young's kind of paper-wasting can pass for poetry—we are through with those growing pains.

Having beslavered the infamous Wharton, courted Dodington the profligate politician, and failed to hold even a pocket-borough for the Exeter family, Edward Young took holy orders, became a Rector, and climbed a hundred pulpits as "a popular preacher," that very suspicious thing. Next, as a holy and pastor-like thing to do, he wrote a series of "Satires," which gained him three thousand pounds; Milton with ten pounds for "Paradise Lost," and Goldsmith with twenty guineas for "The Traveller," may well have been regarded as "inferior tenants of the plain." Edward Young died rich in pinchbeck esteem and wealthy in gold.

Some of his bullion he left to one whom he called "My friend Henry Stevens, a hatter at the Temple Gate." I soften a little towards the old charlatan as I see him toddling through Temple Bar and turning into his hatter's hard by, to have his beaver ironed and make friendly talk with the ironer. He died at eighty-two; Goldsmith at forty-six. But *optima mors parca quae venit apta die.* Young's halo faded while he wore it; the garland of Goldsmith greens and flowers more and more.

I bought the book in an open market-place for a shilling, but I gave the twelve pence for the work of J. Mackenzie, binder, not a farthing for the sake of Dr. Young.

The Cornhill Magazine.

TASTING LIFE.

III.

Oh, the wonder of Spring in England! Who has described it as it strikes those who see it once more after many arid years? One is grateful enough in due season for the dusty terraces of the south with their laughing freight of rosy trailing geraniums,

but compare these with a mossy bank all studded over with opening primroses!

It was Easter when I arrived, and I was glad to accept the invitation of my lawyer and his wife to join them on a brief visit to their holiday home in the shires. The country through which we passed was new to me, and I saw it with every advantage of light and atmosphere. As the wind and the Spirit blow where they will, so there are times when Nature strikes home with a force that is beyond all our reckoning. I felt an extraordinary and quite unmerited sense of renewal as I threw open all the doors of my dusty old heart.

Yet no! there was one corner that I found myself trying to ignore,—the corner that contained the image of that lonely little woman in Paris. A hundred times I told myself that she had forfeited all my interest and sympathy, but I was not convinced, and it seemed as if numberless little circumstances conspired to prevent my forgetting her.

Things came to a crisis at a wayside station, where I was joined by a fellow-traveller,—a lady. She was of the type we called the "new woman" till we began to meet it every day, and ceased to feel that it required a name. A friend stood on the platform to see her off.

"You'll write?" said the friend pathetically. "Don't let this horrid train carry you right out of our lives. You know you must not take people up and let them drop again."

That was all. It had nothing to do with me, but the words framed the indictment of conscience to a nicety. "You must not take people up and let them drop again."

I was revolving the matter in my mind, trying to steep it, so to speak, in the spring sunshine, when we stopped again, and this time at a fair-sized town.

Automatically I glanced out of the window, and by some strange chance my eye fell, not on staring posters, but on the name of the place,—Bradlinton.

Bradlinton,—Bradlinton,—where had I heard the name before? The question would not let me alone, till at last there came a memory of "Herodotus" and "Lorna Doone," and the queer little label rose before my mind—

Circulating Library,
STEPHEN JENKINS,
New and Secondhand Bookseller, Bradlinton.

Well, what then? In what way was I the forrader? Did any knight-errant ever set out on so forlorn a pursuit as this?

Yet, when my kind host and hostess began to map out my stay, and asked if there was anything I specially wanted to do, I found myself quietly replying that I must go over one day to Bradlinton: there was someone there whom I would like to look up. They seemed surprised, but fortunately asked no questions.

And so one morning I alighted at the station, and set to work.

I hope Nature has made it up to me in other ways, but assuredly she has left out of my composition all the qualities of the ferret. I was humbly aware of this as I betook myself to the Post Office and asked my way.

Yes, there it was—no myth, no figment of the imagination, but a shabby, commonplace bookshop. The lettering over the door was grimy and dim, but perfectly legible,—STEPHEN JENKINS.

Actually my heart beat fast. I felt like a spy, a criminal. In the familiar phrase of the novelist, it seemed to me that every one I met glanced at me with suspicion. Fortunately I was spared the necessity of walking up and down the pavement while I collected

my wits. Behold a sanctuary, an asylum, in the shape of a penny tub!

I don't know what books I handled: something small and leather-bound and worm-eaten I can recall, in which the only thing that caught my eye was a footnote beginning, "Seneca; *Epistolæ*—" In any case I did not stop there long. A country cart came lumbering over the cobbles and drew up at the door. With sundry spasmodic ejaculations to the horse, the waggoner let himself down, and shambled into the shop, and I seized the opportunity to follow humbly in his wake.

But never in all my life have I had such a sensation of leaving the spring sun behind me.

There was something impressive about the interior, notwithstanding its dinginess. Books were shelved up to the smoky ceiling, and stacked in great masses on the unwashed floor. Here and there high, rudely carpentered bookcases jutted at right angles into the room, increasing to the utmost the capacity for storage. For some minutes we were left to survey our surroundings in silence, and then Stephen Jenkins came in.

He was an elderly man, with a beard and a singularly refined and intellectual face; but his pallor was startling, and no suggestion of greeting to his customers disturbed the rigidity of his features.

I stood aside to give the waggoner priority, and the bookseller surveyed him with absolute indifference.

"I was wanting slate-pencils," drawled the man leisurely.

No flicker of expression on the face behind the counter acknowledged the remark.

The waggoner raised his voice. "I was wanting slate-pencils—for the children."

Then very quietly, but clear-cut as the sound of a pistol-shot, came the reply. "I don't stock slate-pencils—nor hatpins!"

Never in so small a matter have I been so startled. Of course I knew better than to expect the old obsequiousness on the part of English shopkeepers, but this treatment of an inoffensive customer struck me as just a little too bracing. If I had cherished any wild hopes of beguiling Mr. Jenkins into a chatty conversation, they underwent a speedy re-adjustment. I buried myself in the books and awaited my turn. And I waited till the waggoner was gone.

Then I turned on my man without any attempt at a greeting.

"Do you happen to have an English translation of Seneca's Letters?" I asked abruptly.

My young friends have a pretty way of congratulating me on what they call "the good old Anglo-Indian manner." It may have been that, or it may have been the magic name of the great pagan spiritual director, but the grave face underwent a change.

Mr. Jenkins did not speak, but lightly as a cat he sped up the ladder, and extracted a shabby volume from the topmost shelf. His hands were grimy—how, indeed, could they be otherwise in that kingdom of dust?—but sensitive and well shaped. It was a pleasure to see them handle that book. In a queer way their touch seemed to bring Seneca to life again.

I saw the bookseller was longing to make a remark, to ask a question; but a long habit of reticence could not be broken through in a moment. He stood there frost-bound. Clearly he wanted me to make an opening. So much the better, but I would not make it now. I paid for the book without an unnecessary word, and took my leave.

And then, of course, I thought what a fool I had been to make so poor a use of what might be my only opportunity.

But I had always heard tales of the gossipy ways of a country town, and I did not apprehend much difficulty in obtaining the information I sought. It could probably be had, I thought, for the price of a bun and a glass of milk.

The baker's wife was a pleasant-looking Scotswoman. She dusted some imperceptible flour from a chair and bade me be seated. I felt as if my end was gained.

Laying Seneca somewhat pointedly on the counter, I fell to on my bun. "I have just been paying a visit to that bookshop at the corner," I said. "Jenkins is the name, isn't it?"

"Wheugh!" she ejaculated, closing her eyes and throwing out both her hands as if the very thought of the dusty shop was choking her.

The frankness of the gesture encouraged me, and I laughed. "He seems an interesting man."

"Does he *though*?" she said, with obvious respect for my superior insight.

"But I quite agree with you that the shop looks as if he needed a wife to keep things straight a bit."

"A wife!" she repeated, as if I had suggested some new American dust-extractor.

"Bachelor, I suppose?" I ventured carelessly.

"In a place like this, ma'am," she said, and from her tone we might have been at Monte Carlo, "you never know."

I don't know whether any one else in my position would have pursued the inquiry farther. I confess I felt almost as if the woman had caught me in the act of stealing a loaf. Weakly I paid my twopence and went away.

For a few minutes I wandered on disconsolately. A butcher's shop caught my eye without spurring me to action. Even in a laudable search for information I could not be expected to eat a raw chop.

Ah, there was a church with hospitably open doors. It would be something to sit down and review the situation. Moreover, a woman of seared and grimy countenance was shaking the mats and beating the hassocks. When I had said my prayers, I would see what could be made of her.

I believe I fell asleep, for when I opened my eyes I was startled to see how the time had sped. The mats and hassocks were restored to their places, and the woman—carpet-stick in hand—had an ominous eye on me.

She was pleasantly surprised to receive a *douceur*. "I wish you could have a turn at Mr. Jenkins' bookshop," I said smiling, as I picked up Seneca and made as if to blow the ingrained dust from the closed leaves.

A shrewd gossipy smile of infinite promise broke over her face, and she opened her mouth to speak.

At that moment, with a whirr and a discordant clang, the church clock struck one. The smile faded, the open mouth contented itself with a yawn, and the woman glanced eagerly at the money in her hand. "Thank you kindly, I am sure, ma'am," she said, and before I could find another word she was gone.

"To the nearest public-house, no doubt," I reflected bitterly. Of course, from my point of view, she might as well have gone to the land of the shades; and I made a firm resolve to pay henceforth only for value received.

Yes, indeed, I must have fallen asleep. I knew my visit to the baker's was no dream, but all physical memory of the bun was gone. The sight of a homely old inn rejoiced my heart, and the beaming face of the landlady raised my flagging hopes.

"If you'll take a seat in the parlor, ma'am," she said, "I'll lay the cloth, and bring in the joint before you have time to think about it. You shall cut a slice to your liking. I am just send-

ing across a tray to Mr. Jenkins at the book-shop."

She whisked out of the room as she spoke, and I had to await her return before following up the lead she had given me.

"I am glad to hear the bookseller has you to depend on for his dinner," I said, encouraging Seneca to make his salaam once more. "I was in the shop for a few minutes this morning. He looks as if he needed all the kitchen physic you could give him."

She was setting the table with swift bold strokes. "Oh, poor man!" said she.

"Why poor? It is an interesting shop, and he looks like a scholar."

"So Mr. Crowe always says. He says the town ought to be proud of him instead——"

I waited vainly for her to proceed before I interposed with beating heart.

"And who is Mr. Crowe?"

"Oliver Crowe?" She paused and drew herself up, one hand on her hip. "He's the new foreman at the works—a clever man—full of ideas, my husband says. He is the only one who has seemed to come near Mr. Jenkins in his trouble. It was he who persuaded him to let me send in a tray, instead of him toasting a sausage at a smoky fire or whittling away at a cut of cold bacon from one week's end to another."

"What was the trouble?"

She hesitated. "Oh, poor man," she said again. "A drop of beer with the beef, ma'am? Thank you." She bustled away to return with a foaming tankard.

"Sit down for a moment," I said, "while I cut myself a slice. No doubt you will be glad to take the joint while it is hot."

"No hurry at all, ma'am. Very considerate of you, I am sure. Well, you see, it was like this. His wife treated him badly. It was considered a great match for her at the time. You might not think it, but he was a handsome man in those days, and the business was good and improving. She thought she was going to cut a dash, but he soon clipped her wings. No money in that establishment for fal-lals and gewgaws. She made a bit of a struggle, and then she seemed just to drag on for years, and then"—the landlady shrugged her shoulders like a Frenchwoman—"she went off with somebody else."

"With somebody else?" I cried.

"Well, so they said. You don't suppose she was likely to go alone!—and a strange man slept at the Boar's Head the night before. . . . Not that she was ever much to look at!"

"No? What was she like?"

As unsparing hands sketched the picture my certainty grew. "I don't see why she shouldn't have gone alone," I said at last, "if she was unhappy."

"Well, there's no saying. He's a man of queer temper. A niece came to keep house for him at one time, but—she couldn't stand it."

"When did Mrs.—Mrs. Jenkins—go?"

"Let me see. It was the day before the Mayor's wedding." In a moment she had supplied me with the exact date, and I was interested to find that it was within ten days of the little woman's arrival at Cannes. If I had ever been disposed to believe in the "other man," he disappeared from the picture now.

The landlady bustled off to see to the wants of her household, and I was left to consider my position as calmly as I might. So far, I had prospered beyond my expectations, but the next step might well give one pause. In any case I couldn't face it that day. I suppose the detective brain develops by degrees. Mine was in an embryonic stage, and was terribly overstrained by the morning's work.

So I telegraphed to my kind hostess

that I was detained in Bradlinton till the next day, and I applied to the landlady to give me a bed for the night. I could see that her curiosity was rising every minute. Naturally she wanted some return for the information she had given me.

Well, I hope the Recording Angel will do his best with my replies. In any case, they seemed to satisfy my questioner, and I cut short the opportunity for recurring doubts by hiring a fly to drive me out "among the primroses."

My bedroom that night was a quaint old place, looking out on budding chestnut-trees. I quite expected to be told that Queen Elizabeth had slept there, but apparently she had inadvertently passed it by. For an English inn, the bed was good, but in vain I endeavored to sleep. My mind would try to forecast the interview in the bookshop next day, and how could I expect any rest? I nearly resolved to ask the help of a local clergyman, but that would have been too cowardly. The job was mine.

As usual, I looked round for a book to read, and having rejected "Spurgeon's Sermons" and a bound volume of the "Kulver," I fell back in despair upon "Seneca." He had been little more than a name to me hitherto, and I was quite unprepared for the inspiration and moral beauty that awaited me in the pages of that book. *Adscendentibus di manum porrigunt*,—The gods stretch out a hand to the climbers. Here, indeed, was a *réveillé* for lazy folk like me. I read till far into the night, and then I fell asleep.

It was about ten o'clock when, with beating heart. I found myself in the bookshop once more. I had prepared half a dozen openings, but, as a matter of fact, I used none of them.

I caught sight of the bookseller before he was aware that any one was entering the shop. He was sitting at the counter with a book open before him, but his mournful eyes were fixed on vacancy. *How* mournful the eyes were! I shall never forget them, and still less shall I forget the sudden look of surprise and pleasure with which they fell upon me. There are compliments that do one's soul good.

I laid Seneca on the counter for the moment, but did not remove my hand from it. "That," I said, "is a very fine book."

Half surreptitiously he pushed a chair into place. I wished the baker's wife had been there with her duster, but one can't have everything, so I sat down, smiling.

"In fact," I said, "I am amazed to find how fine it is."

"You have been reading it?"

"Half the night."

"It is a strange book for a—lady to choose."

"I wonder why?"

"I judge by experience. Novels—new novels——"

"Oh, I like them too when they are good. Can one not find room for both?"

His face was inscrutable, but he seemed to be searching in vain for an answer brief and biting enough to serve his turn. So I hurried on—"Do you think we women don't realize sometimes as well as you that conduct is three parts of life? Do you think we don't know what it is to find life too difficult—too seductive perhaps at times? Do you think we never grope frantically in the dark in the hope of chancing on the outstretched hands of the gods?"

I cannot imagine what prompted me to talk like that: it is not my way. But I had slept so badly, and the fine, sensitive, bitter face was provocative.

"There is religion," he said,—"The church."

"For us women—yes."

I should not have ventured on this

either, perhaps, but his changing expression led me on. Moreover, I had raised my veil, and a shaft of spring sun fell full on my face. I felt sure the restless questionings of the previous night must have emphasized—if that were necessary!—the chastening and chiselling lines that life had wrought. Obviously it was no idle girl who was speaking.

He looked at me for perhaps half a minute and then turned his face away. "The book is only a selection," he said. "It was a private venture, and it didn't succeed. The translator dropped a lot of money over it."

"Pity! But after all he had his reward."

"Had he?"

"Hadn't he? The heritage of those who care and understand?"

"I wonder," he said slowly, "what that is worth."

Our eyes met and we exchanged the ghost of a smile, but of course I left him to answer the question. He was really roused to talk now,—haltingly, but with a fine edge of cynicism. I felt that I was gaining ground. Never before, perhaps, had he placed a woman

"level with himself,
And overwashed her with the bitter brine
Of some habitual thoughts."

I am not a particularly good listener, but at least it is not easy to shock or startle me. I encouraged him to talk on.

Presently he came to a longer pause than usual, and I rose to my feet. "Thank you," I said, with a return towards conventional ways. "I shall often read my Seneca and think of you in your kingdom."

"Oh, my kingdom!" he cried, as if something had scorched him.

Some instinct made me hold out my hand. He grasped it shyly. "You don't live in the neighborhood, I suppose," he stammered.

"No, I don't live in the neighborhood. I am visiting friends. . . . I have been spending the winter in France and Italy."

"Yes?" He was forced to say it because my ridiculous voice broke and brought me to a pause.

"I made friends there with some one —a woman—who came from this part of the world, I believe; but she never spoke to me of her home—or her—husband."

I shall never forget the change in his face: it seemed to shrivel before my eyes. "Well?" he said harshly.

"It isn't well. That is what I came to tell you."

"Left her in the lurch, has he?"

"Oh!" I cried. "There never was a 'he' except yourself. Poor little soul!" —I glanced round the dreary shop, and remembered how she had sat here reading of "gleaming white parapets"— "she didn't ask so very much of life after all."

"What I don't understand," he said laboriously, with a frosty smile on his poor white face, "is why you tell *me* this?"

In a moment I resolved to play my ace of trumps.

"Then I'll tell you why. I am not in her confidence, but I believe she is going to become the mother—of your child."

IV.

Three days later I made my way up the long stair of the Paris boarding-house.

My friend was in bed when I arrived, but her morning toilet had been made, and she wore a dainty wrapper. She looked terribly ill at ease, and I wished I could explain at once how little there was left for her to tell me. As I sat down by her side, she held out her left hand to show me the wedding-ring."

"I am so glad," I said; "I was sure of it."

"What made you advise me to see a doctor?"

"I think you can guess. People were beginning to notice."

"I didn't believe it for a moment—though I fancied something was wrong. You see I have been married for eight years, and nothing has ever happened before."

"But have you been to a doctor now?"

"Yes; I heard of a woman here, and I went. It is quite true—" a little smile that she tried to suppress played about the corners of her mouth,—"though it seems incredible."

She moved her pillows nervously, and drew a long breath. "Oh, I don't know how to make you understand. Eight years I have been married. My husband was a good deal older than I. He is a bookseller, and he seemed simply to live in his books. After the very first he just took me for granted,—it never occurred to him to ask how I was affected by this or that; and the days and weeks went on—each exactly like the one that went before. I grew—oh, so sick to death of the musty shop and the narrow street and the neighbors always the same. I believe I should have gone mad if it hadn't been for the novels, the books on which my husband placed no store. I read all I could lay my hands on, and I just hungered and thirsted to see the life they told about. Sometimes in the night I lay in a cold sweat, feeling that I *must* wake my husband and tell him that I could stand it no more.

"At last an old aunt of mine died. She had always promised to leave me half her savings, but she had lived in a very poor way, and I never looked for more than a few pounds. One day a registered letter came from her lawyer, and when I read the cheque my heart stopped beating. I almost thought I should die of joy. My husband was away at the time, valuing somebody's library, and I spent the day in a fool's paradise, planning all the wonderful things one might do. Next morning he came home, and I found he simply took for granted that the money was to go into the business. He felt he could make a good thing of the library he had seen, but it was a big affair, and he could not afford to make an offer.

"Oh, I know quite well what would have been the self-sacrificing wifely thing to do—but I just *could not do it.* I was at the end of my tether, and I could bear no more. He seemed so sure that I was contented and grateful, only anxious to carry out his plans. Had he not given me what they call a *home of one's own!*—made a married woman of me!

"I wonder now that I had the courage to speak, but it didn't seem to require courage then: I was mad. I had kept myself bottled up all those years, and I just—*let fly!*"

I nodded comprehendingly, and she suddenly burst into tears.

"The worst of it is, I said a great deal more than I meant,—more than was true!"

"I know . . . . Of course you would. And he?"

"He stood perfectly still, and his face turned grey and it shrivelled—like some kinds of paper when you burn them in a dying fire. It seemed as if the words would never come, but when they did his tone was perfectly awful. 'Go,' he said, 'and take your money with you. And never darken my doors again.' "

Remembering how he had said, "I don't stock slate-pencils—nor hat-pins!" I could picture the scene vividly enough.

"He walked straight out of the house, and I stood, cold with horror. It was one of two things now. Either

I must beg his forgiveness, and implore him to take the money as a favor to me,—or I must simply go. So I went. I gave a child a penny to send me an outside porter, and I put a few things together, and before he come back I was gone."

"How did you know where to go?"

"I knew a lady who had stopped here. I was always picking up scraps of information that never seemed likely to prove useful. And when I got here one of the boarders told me of the place at Cannes, and there I met you."

"And why didn't you tell me all about it?" I asked, forgetting that, even if she had been so disposed, I had not made things easy for her.

"I hated deceiving you. I hated it so much that *if I had gone wrong* I would have told you, but the real story was all so poor and silly."

"What then? We all make fools of ourselves at one time or other. And I am not sure that it was silly. I am glad you had the grit to break away,—glad you had a good time. Why, it has made another woman of you!"

Impossible to describe the gratitude with which she looked at me. She might have been Christian at the foot of the Cross, and who was I—who was I?—to bind and to loose?

"But now," I said, "now that Baby is coming, of course you must go back. I don't believe things will ever be so hard again. It is one of our pet fictions that we make all the efforts, while our friends remain the same."

She sighed. "I can't go now," she said wearily. "I must wait at least till this business is over."

"No, no!" I persisted, surprised at my own firmness. "You must not wait for that. Fatherhood is a great initiation as well as motherhood. Let him drink the cup from the brim."

Neither of us spoke for a minute or two.

"But there is one thing," I went on presently,—"don't tell any more lies. Don't grovel and make yourself out blacker than you believe yourself to be. Tell him the story just as you have told it now."

She buried her face in her hands. "I haven't spent all the money," she said, with a relevance I understood only too well, "but of course——"

"Of course," I agreed. "We are all human, and I have no doubt he does need money for the business. Do you remember my telling you that day on the *plage* at Cannes that I had to earn my living? Well, I saw my man of business while I was in England, and he tells me things are turning out better than he dared to hope. I shall be quite comfortably off, so naturally I am not going to let you pay the expenses of an outing I enjoyed as much as you did."

Of course she protested, and of course I stood firm. "Do you know what I have spent since that day on the *plage*?" she said, "—quite apart from my winnings at Monte Carlo? Four hundred and fifty pounds."

I confess I was taken aback—till I remembered how money had leaked away on minor extravagances.

"That is all right." I took a cheque-book from my bag, and wrote a cheque for two hundred and twenty-five pounds.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, touching the dainty shoulder-wrap, "but there were all my dresses and things."

"Well, you never would have bought them if it hadn't been for me."

"That's true," she admitted, "but I have had a deal of pleasure out of them."

"And so have I."

She let the cheque lie on the bed, but I felt that matter was settled. I had the picture nearly complete in

my mind now, but one question remained. "And Mr. Crowe? How did he find you out?"

"It was an accident the first time. He was in Rome with some touring society, and he followed us to the convent and wrote to me." She smiled in spite of herself. "He is a brave man, but he was afraid of his life to enter those doors. He was so surprised that the nuns had given me the letter!" She glanced at me from under her eyelids. "How did you know where I had gone that afternoon?"

"I neither knew nor suspected. I wanted a cup of tea."

Her look of incredulity changed slowly to one of trust.

"Mr. Crowe wanted you to go home, I suppose."

"Not exactly. You see he is queer, —a sort of socialist. But he was very sorry for—for my——"

"Yes," I said. Presently I took up the hand that wore the wedding-ring. "I can't think why you dispensed with that bauble." I said. "It would have been a distinct advantage to you."

Her face crimsoned. "Oh, you may as well know the worst of me. I believe I wanted men to make love to me. Of course I should have hated them if they had; but I should have had the experience."

"You poor little soul! It is a mercy you fell among friends!"

It was on a moonless May night that I drove up with Mrs. Jenkins to her own door, caught a glimpse of a drawn and anxious face in the doorway, and with one brief word of greeting and God-speed, drove away again.

After that I did not see the husband and wife for nearly a year.

Well! This is no fairy tale that I am telling, so I am not going to pretend that the rest of their joint life was a golden dream. But this I can honestly say,—that before I had been in their house a quarter of an hour I found the words persistently running in my head,—

"—captured the fortress by surprise."

As summer took possession of Sir Launfal's winter-bound castle, so the little new life had transformed and glorified the musty old shop.

I saw the father first when I arrived. He was in the midst of his books, and at first, of course, he was stiff and ill at ease. But little by little the thaw came, and five minutes had not passed before he was recounting, with glowing face, the doughty deeds of my lord in his nightly tub,—absolutely without reserve, absolutely sure of his listener's human heart.

Of course I was prepared to be enthusiastic when I went upstairs, but the child made my task an easy one. He was the dearest little morsel—with a winning smile, and a wistful look of wonder in his eyes. Weismann may say what he will—I could not but feel that the mother's experience was stored up somewhere behind that elusive little face: he never could have looked like that if she had not been seized with an irresistible thirst for tasting life.

It was not easy to explain all that he made me feel, but the mother understood.

"Oh, I hope so!" she said earnestly. "And I am so pleased to think of all I can tell him when he is old enough to understand,—all about the Convent and Monte Carlo."

I was glad the conversation should merge into laughter.

"Please don't!" I cried. "Give the poor lamb a chance!"

And now the father came shyly in —loathe to miss altogether the first irrepressible outburst of my enthusiasm over the prodigy.

"Why, he is going to be something wonderful," I said in all sincerity.

"*Going* to be!" exclaimed the bookworm.

A few weeks later the chances and changes of life brought me in contact with the nice modern girl whom we had met at the Cannes hotel. In reply to my questions she told me a great deal about the kind people we had known there, and when—*en revanche*—she asked for news of Miss Vavasour, I thought it no breach of confidence, suppressing names, to tell her something of the story I have set down here.

"Well," she exclaimed indignantly as I finished, "you are a nice person to talk of *our* kindness!"

"Oh, it wasn't that in my case at all," I protested, "or if by chance there was any kindness involved, that only shows how catching a complaint it must be!"

Graham Travers.

Blackwood's Magazine.

"IF I WERE A MILLIONAIRE."

We were sitting round our dinner-table in our mountain castle of Sinaia, and the conversation had turned upon the multi-millionaires of America.

Somebody said: "What would you do if you were a multi-millionaire?"

The Princess was the first to answer, being the youngest. She said: "I should have as many flowers and as many horses as I want."

An artist-painter, Lecomte du Nouy, said, "I should make an arena in white marble, in which there would be games and sights for thousands and thousands, to make the people enjoy themselves."

The Prince said: "I should give the last penny to sweep my country of all its diseases, and make it healthy."

An *aide-de-camp* said: "I should build ever so many model villages for the peasants."

I was the last to answer, as the King said never a word, and I said: "I should build a cathedral with a school beside it for every kind of art."

I don't know if the others, after so many years, would still give the same answer. I should. I should say to-day, as I said then: "A cathedral, with chapels for every religion in it, and an arts school beside it."

You can build ever so many houses, and misery will enter there; care will follow the inhabitants, anger and strife, and illness and death can't be kept away. There is only one peaceful house on earth, that is God's house. You leave your pain at the door and lift your soul up and free it from what makes it heavy. The house of God is the people's real house, because there the poorest can be alone, which he so seldom is in his cottage, and the richest is nobody—nobody to envy, as he is nothing more than the poorest.

The Romans have shown us where an arena leads after a certain time, and that amusing the people is not the best way of helping them.

Flowers are lovely, but in the cruel winter time, if you haven't conservatories large enough, no thousands of people can enjoy them; whilst a cathedral, if it is large enough, like Saint Peter's in Rome, is warm in winter and cool in summer, and its air remains pure. There you can carry all your trouble and lay it down before

the only One who understands, and go away quieter. Your drunken husband cannot reach you there; your sick child does not moan there; money seems so small, it doesn't seem to count; and if you are hungry, a beautiful organ will drive away even hunger for a few minutes. It is the only place in which everybody tries to be good, and lifts up his soul above the meanness of life.

The arts school beside it would show all those who learn there to what heights they may reach, and what grandeur awaits them. They would become much better musicians, hearing the organ roll out the greatest master's greatest thoughts every day; the paintings would draw their mind away from the dung-hills it is rather the fashion to paint nowadays. The high vault would bring them nearer to the heights they ought to wander in always. If I were a millionaire I should build a cathedral!

A big library would belong to the necessities of that arts school, for nobody can be a great artist without reading and learning a great deal: all that makes men better, and less selfish, would be united round my cathedral.

I can't give food to one single town to satisfy it during one year: there would be still some unfed, and unclad, and out of work, which is the worst misery. But food for the soul I could give to many, to thousands and hundreds of thousands in all ages to come. Can you leave Westminster Abbey and not feel better, not feel yourself amongst the grandest of your nation? Can you leave a very grand concert hall without feeling as if you would embrace the whole world, and kneel to the composers, whose thoughts you have been allowed to understand?

I spent one evening of my life alone in Westminster Abbey, beside the organ, and even before it, playing a few chords only, in the gathering dusk, when the statues began to look as if they were alive and moving, and I have felt better ever since. If I were a millionaire I should build a cathedral!

I was in Saint Peter's for Easter, and I saw that all those thousands of inattentive people who crowded it could not take away one atom of its grandeur and solemnity. If I were a millionaire I should build a cathedral!

There my renowned ancestor was archbishop in the sixteenth century, and was Luther's friend and wanted to introduce the Reformation! If he had succeeded he would have averted the splitting of the churches and the Thirty Years' War. The grand cathedral of my home, the cathedral of Cologne, has been the solace of my stormy life, and from early childhood upward it has comforted me as no other good on this earth. When I come to the Rhine I always go to the cathedral of Cologne, and enter the treasury only to have a look at the crosier of my great ancestor, Archbishop and Elector Hermann, with the Peacock of our house of Weir upon it. And Saint Isaak, in Petersburg, has its own solemn grandeur, though heavier and more massive, less artistic, perhaps, but when the wonderful Russian choirs begin to penetrate its vaults, one is lifted quite beyond earth and its miseries.

I have never seen an Indian temple, but I am sure it must appeal to everything profound and great in human nature.

My cathedral would be of white marble, like that of Milan, inside and out; not so ornamented, much quieter than Milan, but with columns that would give the feeling of a beechwood. A beechwood must have been the origin of the Gothic style.

The Saint Mark's Cathedral is perhaps the one that enters your soul

most of all, when the sun gently touches the far-off columns till they seem lilac in all that gold; but I should always prefer an enormous height, and white marble with a first-rate organ, of course, and choirs like the Russian ones, educated in the arts school beside the church.

If I were a queen in a fairy tale I should do all that. But the queens in life have never a penny to bless themselves with, as so many poor people have to be helped that there is never anything left for the poor queen; she has to be content with looking at other people's beautiful creations.

The Fortnightly Review.

Make a home for the homeless, a place that belongs to everybody alike, where there are no rights and no precedences, no hustling, as there is room for all; no unkind words spoken, as speaking is forbidden; no strife, as it remains outside; the place in which king and beggar take off their hats and pray, a place where your bitterest enemy is an enemy no longer; a place where you would be alone in a crowd, and surrounded by thousands if you were quite alone.

If I were a millionaire I should build a cathedral!

"Carmen Sylva"
(H. M. Queen of Roumania).

QUARRELING.

Quarrels tend to become less serious. The type of the common quarrel has changed. It is not so long-lived and not so intense. In this country, at any rate, a quarrel is never inherited. The criminal archaeologist must look elsewhere for survivals of this diabolical effect of the "dead hand." On the contrary, one's children will seldom take up even one's prejudices. The reflection brings with it an odd sense of finality, and is not without a grim humor. Our distastes must die with us; along with so much else, they are of value only to the owner. There is no use in detesting Mr. Smith or Mrs. Jones nowadays. It will not make our sons and daughters in the least less likely to fall in love with his or her children. In a few years' time they will make a joke of the whole "misunderstanding." It will be put away among other acid recollections—rueful to us, ridiculous to them. There is some sort of sacrilege in ridiculing a quarrel, unholy though most quarrels are. Richard Baxter said that no old man rejoices in the memory of a quarrel. One inclines at first to deny this. Many men repeat their quarrels as if they had rejoiced in them. On the other hand, if we saw the motives of the repetition we might find that it did not put the divine in the wrong. A quarrel often gives opportunity for a display of wit, and a man anxious to repeat his own *bons mots* may like to give them the dramatic effect to be obtained only in contrast to his neighbor's stupidity. This is not quite the same thing as taking pleasure in a recollection of ill-feeling. Again, a man may repeat the matter to reassure himself that he was in the right, or simply to hold the conversation, or be conspicuous. A quarrel often makes a good story. The animus is usually out of it before it is done with as a conversational asset. It takes on the aspect of a verbal triumph, changes its character, becomes inaccurate in detail, is known by the teller to be half-imaginary, and finally becomes not a memory but an invention. Vanity at last destroys the grudge.

But if there is little joy in recollecting a quarrel, there are still some

people who will keep up a quarrel as long as they live. There is no question here of recollection. The offense is ever-present to them. In some strange way their grievance seems to exalt them in their own eyes. They walk through life with a sense of distinction. It becomes part of their dignity; they feel as if it would humiliate them to set the whole matter aside as a "bygone." They could forgive themselves anything except the thought that they had given in. As a rule, some symptom of an unsound mind can be found to account for this very old-fashioned piece of wrongheadedness. We are not, be it remembered, regarding the refusal of two angry persons to see one another again in the light of a kept-up quarrel. At times the complete separation of the persons offended would seem the only method of damping down those fires of indignation and even of hate which cannot be altogether quenched, but which may smoulder out in a perfectly harmless manner if the two opponents be kept apart. Such quarrels have their origin, as a rule, in antipathy, and antipathy is a far harder thing to get over than injury. It is easier to forgive a man for being despicable than for being detestable. There can be no possible harm in hoping we may never see an enemy again. We wish him no ill, and in depriving him of our acquaintance we deprive him of what can hardly be accounted in his eyes a pleasure.

There is, we imagine, a great deal less of frivolous litigation than there used to be. Tiny offenses, such as the perhaps unconscious appropriation of a few feet of land which no one could want, have caused otherwise sensible men to lose hundreds of pounds. The stories which men of this generation relate of their litigious forebears suggest an expensive game rather than a quarrel. A lawsuit would keep them sometimes for years in a state of delighted occupation. They wanted something to play at, such men as these. A hobby, a moderate amount of speculation, a succession of newspapers to quicken their wits or even to arouse their wrath, would have kept them out of these quarrels, in which, after all, there was far more folly than rancor. There are, of course, and there will always be, certain men and certain women who were born to protest. They are, as a rule, people of high principle and very definite views. They are very conscious of their own high principles, and live in a state of perpetual amazement at the inconsistency of the ordinary world. Against such men and women Nature would seem to have a spite. They are endowed with good characters and good heads, and then cursed with complete ineffectiveness. They cannot give in, and the person who cannot give in cannot cooperate. They go through life conscientiously protesting and quarrelling and standing out for trifles, without rancor, without spite, without aim, and without success.

An ingrained habit of contradiction is very often mistaken for quarrelsomeness. It is quite a different thing, and is often accompanied by a real geniality of disposition. The contradictor has not the slightest idea that he has been disagreeable, and the habit as a rule means nothing but a certain want of social sympathy. The contradictious person follows a rule of thumb for keeping up conversation: he sees that fierce contradiction has some of the effect of wit. It startles the hearer and rouses him to defend himself. The people completely silenced by contradiction are few. Unfortunately for the man who has formed the habit of contradiction, they are often those best worth talking to. The talkers who really desire the

truth, who do not talk in order to take intellectual tricks, will never make friends with the habitual contradictor. They are not angered; they are bored. The contradictor and the buffoon have something in common; neither of them is completely civilized. Even the contradictor, however, is becoming milder in these polite days.

It would be absurd, however, to maintain that the old wicked delight in a quarrel is dead. Nearly all of us have felt the excitement and the pleasure of it. It is difficult to say what it comes of. It is very often a righteous cover (most men firmly believe they are in the right when they are quarrelling) for a display of that fierceness which is not yet out of the best of us. We want an outlet for our fierce mood—for the mood which, when we look back on it, makes us believe in possession. The better the man, the juster his quarrels, the more completely he will be able to direct this fierceness into a good cause. An absolute inability to quarrel is hardly a virtue—at least, it is a virtue which is seldom found in company with other virtues. It goes, as a rule, with a light mind.

The art of giving in is, on the other hand, a great art. It should, however, be acquired; it should not come by nature; it ought to be studied deliberately. It is the very essence of conciliation. Perhaps when it has been acquired by a strong man or a strong woman it is the most endearing of all the social arts. It means, as a rule, a correct sense of proportion, as opposed to the crude sense of justice on which quarrelsome people so often pride themselves. A crude sense of justice is an impossible guide of life. Everyone admits that in ordinary domestic life peace and happiness are preserved by this art of giving in, which in an ordinary household some one is bound to practise if strife is to be avoided. A man or woman who has cultivated indifference about little things has made some progress in the art of life. It is, however, a vast pity that outside domestic life an odor of disgrace still attaches to the idea of giving in. Who that has sat upon a committee but will agree with us!

The counsel to "give place unto wrath" is wise in the extreme. The smaller philanthropic machines, which are generally worked through committees, are constantly at a standstill because people are ashamed to take the apostle's advice. It goes without saying that it is sometimes as necessary to hold out—but not often. Some of the greatest reforms in the world have been brought about by giving in. Nothing else would stop the vendetta. Somebody must be willing to sacrifice that wild justice which belongs to an earlier world and accept the fact of past injury, and there leave it. What misery might have been spared to the world if only it had not been considered a virtue to "hold out," quite apart from the cause in which the holding out was practised! The art of giving in is one of the newest of the arts, a pure product of civilization. The result of its wider practice cannot be foreseen. At present its most conspicuous effect is the change which has come over the spirit of the quarrelsome.

The Spectator.

MR. BRYAN AND AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY.

None of President Woodrow Wilson's Cabinet appointments has a greater interest and importance than his selection of Mr. W. J. Bryan for the Secretaryship of State. Theoretically an American President is free to pick his Cabinet officers as he pleases. But in practice it often happens that there are political debts which must be paid and personal claims that can hardly be resisted. Mr. Bryan for the past seventeen years has been by far the most prominent figure in the Democratic ranks. Last summer at the Baltimore Convention his intervention largely determined Mr. Wilson's nomination. Throughout the campaign he worked for the party candidate unsparingly. It was therefore both right and inevitable that he should be rewarded with the highest office in the gift of the President—the office that places its occupant at only two removes from the White House itself. It would be amusing but slightly impertinent and wholly profitless to speculate whether, had the circumstances been different, Mr. Bryan is precisely the kind of man whom President Wilson would have preferred as his Secretary of State. I merely suggest the point in order to evade it. What concerns America, and all the nations with whom America has political relations, is that Mr. Bryan, in his fifty-third year, now holds his first office, and that that office is one which vests in him the chief direction of the foreign affairs of his country.

Both in its personal and its international aspects that is an event which may well challenge attention. It marks a very definite stage in the development of a highly dramatic career, and it coincides with, and may do a good deal to reinforce, a quite considerable change in the spirit and aims of American foreign policy. Everyone will watch with interest to see how Mr. Bryan, who has hitherto been chiefly known as a rhetorician, bears the test of his first experience in the business of administration, and how the advent of a man of his decided views and dominating personality will affect the conduct of external affairs in Mexico and South America, in the Philippines and the Far East. For Mr. Bryan, say and think what one may about him and his manifold limitations, is at least a remarkable figure. His career has been so far typical of America as to be unimaginable outside of it. A man of six and thirty, whose active life had been divided between an Illinois farm, a law office in Lincoln, Nebraska, and four years in Congress, unknown and with nothing in the nature of an achievement to his credit, he was suddenly raised, by a flashy and opportune speech delivered before an overwrought Convention, to the leadership of his party. In June 1896 scarcely any of his countrymen outside his native State had even heard of him; in November 1896 six millions of them voted for his election to the Presidency. Not many of them, as I remember, understood or even cared to understand what exactly was meant by "Free Silver," "the parity of metals," and all the nauseating rest of it. But they felt vaguely that things were not right, that wealth was too powerful, capital too truculent, and labor overborne and oppressed; and they used Mr. Bryan, with his youth, his eloquence, and his magnetic personality, to register their protest.

They chose an eminently fitting instrument. Mr. Bryan's solitary, or at any rate his outstanding, service to

his country is that he voiced the popular unrest of the 'nineties with an effectiveness that compelled a hearing. It was a time of very real and legitimate discontent which never received from the East either the sympathy or the understanding it deserved. The capitalists regarded it as a menace to be crushed. The New York papers for the most part rebuked, ignored, belittled, or derided it. Mr Bryan at least took it seriously. He was in emotional sympathy with it. By instinct, if not by reason, he appreciated its height and depth; and by the fervor of his impassioned rhetoric he forced America to appreciate it too. That the currency heresies which the Democrats embraced at his bidding were really heresies they themselves now admit. That they were right however in their fundamental attitude towards the far more vital questions of social and economic progress, few Americans now, I think, would be found to dispute. The fortune of events has befriended Mr. Bryan. The "revolutionary" of 1896 is perceived to-day to have been merely the pioneer. It was he who opened that campaign of democracy against plutocracy in which Mr. Roosevelt afterwards proved himself a foremost standard-bearer. It was he who blazed the trail for that American Radicalism along which Mr. Roosevelt has since marched with such clattering resonance.

And with all this, in the past decade and a half, Mr. Bryan has become better as well as more widely known. The fanaticism of his earlier days has given place to a broad, good-humored charity. He has borne himself under the strain of successive defeats with a smiling manfulness. Everyone to-day acknowledges that he is sincere, that he is no self-seeker, that his politics spring from his convictions, and that he fights for them with unimpeachable fairness. Against his private life and personal character there has never been the smallest whisper of accusation that was worth a moment's notice. He is a thoroughly good man, and much too elementary and untutored to be either cynical or sophisticated. Of late years he has capitalized his political prominence and built up a considerable fortune by lecturing and journalism. He has developed a strong inclination for religious subjects, and it is probable that the business of expounding Christianity in a simple, old-fashioned, and utterly unscientific way is really more congenial to him than political or economic discussion. The pulpit, the Sunday school, the Y. M. C. A., and the semi-social, semi-religious societies that seem to find their predestined home in the United States, have at any rate occupied him during the past few years even more than the party platform. No man living, I suppose, has ever addressed such vast and varied audiences; and among those who, like himself, are better at feeling than at thinking he always makes a good impression. Hearty, affable, a genuine democrat, deeply religious, and of an ardent, artless, aspiring temperament, I do not wonder at his immense popularity. He has sensitiveness, a generous heart, and a creed that looks kindly on the under-dog. But balance, knowledge, perspective, a sense of the feasible, a distrust of empiricism, in all these qualities—which of course are of the essence of statesmanship—he is still rather decidedly lacking; and though he has stirred up many questions I cannot recall that he has found the right, or anything approaching the right, answer to any of them.

The next few years therefore will be vital to one's final estimate of Mr. Bryan. They will make it clear whether he has it in him to be anything more than a sturdy voice of

protest, and whether the keenness of his sympathies is matched by an equal keenness of perception, by common sense and practicality, by judgment and the capacity for moderate action. But besides this his tenure of the Secretaryship of State is likely to be of national, and even of international, moment. He is and always has been a convinced anti-Imperialist. He has never reconciled himself to the results of the Spanish war. America in his eyes ought to eschew war, militarism, colonies, and all the burdens and deceptive glories of the older world. Her true destiny and most useful task, he has constantly proclaimed, is not to join in the international scramble for the waste places of the earth, but to abstain from all foreign adventures and to develop on the American Continent an ideal type of civilization. The advent of a man of his views to the Secretaryship of State at such a moment as this cannot but have its consequences. It means for one thing that he would be willing to announce to the Filipinos to-morrow that full self-government is to be granted them a few years hence. It means, for another, that he is out of all sympathy with the recent foreign policy of the American Government in the Far East, in Cuba, in Nicaragua, Honduras, and San Domingo, and that he will do what he can to reverse it and to restrict the Monroe Doctrine to a purely passive and defensive rôle. It means, finally, that the spurt in European armaments will never be allowed, if he can prevent it, to influence American preparations for war. On these high matters, it is true, his is not the only, or even necessarily the deciding, voice. But his influence in shaping American policy will be very great, and the conflict which is bound to ensue between his instincts and prepossessions on the one side and the facts and necessities of the situations that will confront him on the other ought to add an interesting chapter to the psychology of politics.

The Outlook. *Sydney Brooks.*

THE CHURCH MILITANT: NEW STYLE.

The new President of the Free Church Council, the Rev. Alexander Connell, delivered a very stimulating address to the delegates at the annual meeting on Tuesday last at Newcastle, taking as his subject, "The Nation and its God." It is a great theme. The God of a nation is the highest ideals, the deepest obligations, which penetrate its common mind and determine its attitude towards its own citizens and the surrounding peoples. In the western world the official exponent of these ideals and obligations has for many centuries been the Christian Church. But Mr. Connell thinks that this ancient organization is losing its old authority, and that the official heads of it shrink from the problems implacably confronting us in contemporary life. This decline of power at the centre is inevitably accompanied by a corresponding decline of power at the extremities, and the lay members of the Christian Church are not only decreasing in numbers, but declining in vitality. It would be a matter of comparative indifference if this shrinkage of the Church were confined to a mere diminution in numbers, so long as the life within the Church itself remained virile. A small community dedicated to high purposes—to the criticism of material life and the exposition of the life of the spirit—is far more valuable to a nation than a great established as-

sociation of individuals without a soul. But when an institution is not only diminishing in numbers, but also in vitality, it is impossible for it to speak to men in a language they will consent to listen to.

Is not the declining vitality of the Church, which Mr. Connell deplores, a plain consequence of the fact that it has lost or is losing belief in its essential principles? One of the characteristic ideas of the Christian faith is a belief that war-making will yield to the ideal of peace among the nations. It is a universal, not a national religion, and the image under which the Christian God is presented to us is not a national or a tribal Divinity, but the Father of mankind. A principle such as this is not a utopian sentiment; it is part of the core of Christian belief; and if a church is Christian in conviction as well as in name, it will unfalteringly apply this principle to relationships within the family of nations. Yet we find the chief literary organ of the Church of England, the "Guardian," twisting the famous words, "Blessed are the peacemakers," into a plea for conscription. In its editorial columns, it preaches the gospel, not according of Jesus, but according to Lord Roberts. It even complains with some bitterness that this new evangel has been insufficiently helped by the Church, that the Church is as indifferent to its message as the nation itself. The Church, it suggests, has no words of rebuke for those who oppose the process of placing the youth of the nation under the rod of the drill-sergeant, and hiving them ,in barracks where they learn what we all know they learn. When the professional soldier stoops to the arts of the demagogue and fails, the Church, we are told, in words intended to bring the blush of shame to every Christian cheek, "remains a silent witness to the apathy of the people." "Allah is Allah!" shouts the organ of the religion of sweet reasonableness, and "Bobs," we suppose, is His prophet. Thus is the State Church invited to assist and promote the de-Christianization of the nation.

In a recent debate in the House of Lords the Bishop of Oxford, Dr. Gore, told that exalted assembly that the Church of England was not the church of the poor. It is a truism; but it has raised a hornet's nest about the Bishop's ears. Is it ever likely to become the church of the poor as long as its official organs turn their backs upon its cardinal truths, and impudently traverse the facts about the lives of the work-people with the suggestion that they have little to do but shout at football matches and eat sweets at picture palaces? What are those lives? Church-workers in London or Manchester could tell the "Guardian" of thousands of children who leave our schools at a very tender age and spend the rest of their existence (sometimes under wretched conditions) in the factory, the warehouse, and the workshop. They could speak of young men coming by thousands to our evening continuation schools so worn out that they cannot seize the opportunities of this late and only half-effectual form of education. At no time in our history has the youth of the nation been so devoted to the task of self-improvement and self-discipline as to-day. But the only discipline which the conscriptionists are prepared to recognize is the discipline of the drill-sergeant and the barrack-yard. What is the poisonous flower of that discipline when active soldiering is exchanged for playing at soldiers? At the end of every war an outburst of lawlessness, brutality, and crime.

If the Christian Church, whether it calls itself a Free Church or an Established Church, wants to re-acquire moral authority in the nation, it must be true to itself. The doctrine of a nation in arms—the doctrine that the

highest service a man can render to humanity is service as a soldier—is alien from the Christian conception of the world and of life. Christianity came in to uproot it, and the early Church came near to achieving that end. It is the doctrine of Mohammed. not the doctrine of the Gospels. And it is not a negligible fact that the man who at the present moment is most actively engaged in preaching it has spent most of his life amongst Mohammedans. Nothing would do more at the present moment to rehabilitate the Christian Church in the minds of the masses of the people than if it were known to stand for the great advance of humanity which awaits us when international peace is established. The burdens of military service and military expenditure make it difficult to achieve any appreciable amelioration of the people's lot. The weight of these burdens stands between them and a civilized existence. Of all the services to the world which the Church is able to render, there is not one to be compared with this. But it is a service which wants courage and faith in those who aspire to perform it, and ministers of the Established Church find it especially difficult. After seven years of Liberal Government hardly a Liberal bishop remains upon the bench; and the reactionary element in the Church was never so strong. But the Free Churches are unhampered. They have great traditions of "national service" in its highest sense behind them. But neither can they afford to live on the past. Either, as Mr. Connell warns them, they must discern the sign of the times, or they will die of the moral indifference or the moral perversion which attacks the kind of Angelicanism that finds expression in this article of the "Guardian." Militarism is the natural foe of the Christian Church. And with its decay and disappearance a new era for humanity will begin.

The Nation.

THE PROOFS OF THE PAST.

If ever you have occasion to read one of those monuments of history which Western learning produced in the eighteenth and seventeenth centuries you will note in it certain features contrasting strongly with whatever great modern historical work you may have come across.

You find the writer concerned with facts as facts and with theories as theories. Often he is only concerned with the facts. He simply wants to find out, and, when he has found out, to tell. He is proud of his learning, but he is also proud to give you the basis of it. If he is out for a theory he defends it as a theory, nearly always with the violent personal note which in controversy is an *admission* that one is defending a theory.

Again, he is very accurate in things susceptible of just measurement. He is correspondingly careless in his guess-work. Often his theories will be quite wild and sometimes ludicrous —but it is as theories that he puts them forward, not as a body of teaching dogmatically affirmed and to be dogmatically accepted. That kind of affirmation he keeps for things on which all men will agree when they see the evidence. He is correspondingly *naif* in setting down all the evidence he has. If his chronicler talks of "an innumerable host," down it goes as innumerable, even though it comes over-sea in three boats or lives for a month upon the supplies of a small country town. If his chronicler gives him the names of seven kings

at the origins of Roman History down they go all in order and as simply real as contemporaries might be (and who knows they weren't?).

Finally, he has the note of giving you *all* he knows, and there is an air about him which suggests that the evidence is limited.

Our great modern Historical works are in quite another spirit. They are written—invariably—to maintain a theory. They select an average fact in support of that theory. They affirm the theory before it is proved, during proof and after proof. They are either indifferent to accuracy in measurable things, or they omit the measures altogether; and they are correspondingly exact upon spelling, repetition, lists. They suggest that the evidence behind them is indefinitely large in extent and they refer one to it in a host of highly abbreviated footnotes which are hardly intended to be controlled. Finally they dogmatically affirm, with the object that it may be as dogmatically acepted, not the thing on which all would be agreed could all see the evidence, but just these other things on which there is doubt and in which, therefore, one's success in suggestion is dependent upon not taking one's reader into one's confidence.

Now it is evident, upon the face of it, that this tendency in modern historical work promises a grave danger. It imperils truth, and how practical that peril (though of academic origin) may be I will consider in a moment. But first let us examine why such a mood has come to exist in the great modern historian. Note you, it does not exist in the humble text books. These propagate falsehood honestly and concern themselves straightforwardly with what they have been given as facts—and their humility is no small part of the peril we run. It is the high priests of modern history who show the symptoms of that disease which substitutes hypotheses for certitude and what they would wish for what they know. How did they catch that disease and why does it flourish in them?

The first cause was undoubtedly the immense accumulation of material. There was too much to tell upon the old lines. Parallel with this went the advance in range of experience which physical science enjoyed, and enjoyed, remember, through the constant and successful use of hypothesis. Unfortunately both the expansion of learning and its rapidly divergent lines of research produced a third thing which has nothing to do with learning and is rather an enemy to it. It produced the opportunity for Mumbo Jumbo than which nothing more powerfully perverts—as by an appetite—the fallen race of man. The physical scientist could say with justice to the reader: "Only a few of us —and I am one—have had the training and time to examine these things —you have had neither: you must take this truth from me." Once let that power be accepted, and the temptation in the learned to abuse it and in the vulgar to worship that abuse is very strong. Short of a balance they will both yield to it.

Now that balance, paradoxical as it may sound, existed in the practice of religion, false or true: I mean in the acceptation as true of a number of teachings upon matters which could not, of their nature, be discussed from experiment. Such an acceptation satisfied the appetite for authority; by a sort of reaction it left men far more ready to question assertions made in the temporal sphere. You have but to watch the mind, learned or simple, cultured or uncultured, which accepts some dogmatic system on transcendental matters to see how it works in its treatment of evidence on mundane matters: it has proportion. This

phenomenon has, I repeat, nothing to do with the truth or falsehood of the transcendental system. I am examining the matter not as an argument for religion (a phrase with no meaning—unless we postulate *which* religion), but as a human happening. It is true that men who have lost their old shrines will turn to worship at some new ones, just as it is true that a man who has lost his taste for wine will replace it by some other beverage. He must drink. The new learning and its ministers were there to play the ritual part and men, in the loss of the old authority, grasped at this new one. Nowhere was the new spirit more powerful than in the science of medicine, which, changing its dogmas every twenty years, was infallible all the time. It was powerful in every academic field and in History among the rest.

But here a man may well ask what is the harm of it? "The doctor's replacing the priest is an active peril. He may have us all hurt ourselves and our society badly and then, at the next change in his infallible doctrine, it may be too late to go back. But what harm can the same false spirit in History do?" This harm: that men cannot help arguing from the past; it is their object lesson in politics. It is the exemplar. So strongly do men feel this that, quite illogically, the man who would most change some institution in society has the strongest appetite for proving that in a remote past his novel proposal was the rule. See how keen the communists are to prove some fancied original community of land. Note how the polygamists—an increasing heresy among us—cling to a strange clotted myth of "primitive marriage customs." Observe the Asiatic historian in Lombardy to-day, marked under an Italian name and "proving" that the might of Rome was based not on arms but on usury: a comfortable doctrine! All these men instinctively claim history for a foundation and, in our morals as in our laws, our particular policies, domestic and foreign, true history strengthens the State. False history weakens it. We all know with what grave anxiety this country must now regard her immediate future. It is true to say that no small part of our perils is due to the grotesque fictions of "racial" superiority, of original "free and germaine" institutions, of later dominion, "economic" rather than military in its basis, with which the governing classes were fed at the universities for two generations. Such phantasies in the place of truth divorced its victims from Europe and went counter in their effect to the whole stream of civilization. They warped the vision of Christendom. They lent false strength to vain things and hid the powers of things alien but strong. The liquidation of such deficits in the intellectual account of a ruling class is always a perilous and often a catastrophically disastrous operation.

If it be asked what remedies we have, the answer seems to be that of general remedies we have none, except a change of the mind in society; but we have particular remedies which each reader can use for himself, and that is to consult the first-hand evidence on any point he is concerned with. Such evidence is to-day easily obtainable in a thousand reprints.

Some months ago an official Oxford historian published a little book on our ancestors of the middle ages. It was a cheap issue and intended for a wide and popular circulation—which doubtless it attained. In this manual he was careful to describe that odd and (as he told us) utterly exploded thing called the Christian Faith. He gave it to his readers in detail lest they should remain ignorant of an in-

stitution so fundamental to his subject, and yet now so long perished that they could only find traces of it in the books of the learned. Well, in this pontifical description of the fossil he omitted all mention of the Incarnation and did not so much as use the two words, "Jesus Christ."

In a time and place where balderdash of that texture can pass for history—and, well!—there is no general remedy save a general change of the mind. But the particular enquirer, troubled and doubtful as to this don's authority, might have corrected that history by consulting such early documentary evidence of the old doctrine as is contained in the New Testament. Much of it is nearly contemporary.

Hilaire Belloc.

The New Witness.

THE SOFA-DOG.

"Naughty dog," said Francesca—she was addressing, not me, but the Great Dane—"you have been on the sofa again."

"Well," I said, "he's off it now. As soon as he heard your fairy footsteps in the passage he began to slink off. It's quite wonderful what an ear dogs have for footsteps."

"He's a very wicked dog," said Francesca.

"No, no! He thinks it's a trick. He's got it into his head that you'd be bitterly disappointed if he didn't get on to the sofa when you're not in the room and get off it as soon as he hears you coming. Just you try him. Go into the passage. There! He's up again. Knock at the door. Didn't I tell you? Isn't he the quickest mover out of a sofa you ever saw? Oh, good dog, good dog!"

"Sofas," said Francesca, "are not meant for dogs. You encourage him to spoil them. You never think of the covers he ruins."

"Oh, yes," I said, "I do. I know the covers by heart. Let me tell you what they are. There are two brown herons apparently feasting on red azaleas, blue convolvuluses (or convolvuli, if you prefer it) and yellow melons. It is an intricate and beautiful picture of heron-life, when the world was a younger and a better place."

"It was not designed for dogs," she said.

"There," I said, "you go again. For my part, I believe the inventor intended his pattern to be completed by a dog. It was his last picture. He had meant to weave in a dog somewhere, but death came upon him before he had time. 'Put a dog with the herons,' he murmured with his last breath, but they did not understand him. And now this dumb animal of ours takes up a great artist's thought and completes it."

"Covers it with mud," she said.

"Completes it," I repeated. "That dog teaches us all a lesson. Francesca, do you know who said that?"

"Yes," she said, "it was Napoleon, but he did not speak of furniture."

"He spoke of what he saw, and so do I. And, what is more, I will not allow——"

"You must not," she said, "be too Napoleonic. Such an attitude is improper in a modest household like ours. You were going to say——?"

"I was going to say that I will not allow myself to speak harshly to you, even if you fail in sympathy with the natural desire of a dog to avoid draughts."

"Draughts?"

"Yes, draughts. You will find if you

lie down on the floor that it is a mass of draughts."

She bent herself to the carpet. "There isn't a vestige of draught," she said.

"Not there, Francesca," I cried. "That's the only draughtless spot in the room. Try close to the door. Lie down there with your face on your paws. Look out! The butler's coming."

"He isn't."

"No. I invented him; but you don't do it as well as the dog."

"You are too clever this morning," she said.

"It is a way I have," I said.

"And that being so," she continued, "I have determined to resign all my household duties into your hands."

"Francesca," I said, "you overwhelm me."

"Poor dear," she went on, talking softly to herself, "it is a very hard morning for him to begin on."

"No matter," I said; "I am ready. Only tell me what I have to do, so that I may note it down on paper."

"Food first," she said. "You will start with the cook."

"Oh, but that's delightful" I said. "Do you know, Francesca, that it has been my one ambition to interview Mrs. Pears officially? I have caught glimpses of her when the children have had Christmas trees, but now I shall really know her."

"That's capital," said Francesca. "And you must order luncheon and dinner, you know."

"Yes," I said, "we will lunch on beefsteak and kidney pie, roly-poly pudding, and, just to celebrate the occasion, a Welsh rarebit."

"An excellent meal for the children," she said. "Alice and Frederick particularly will revel in it. But there might not be any kidneys."

Punch.

"No kidneys!" I said. "There must be millions of kidneys in the world."

"Then," she said, "you must think of the servants, and you must order dinner for us. But I will not interfere with you further."

"Oh, yes," I said, "do interfere with me. I want you to. I like it. I'm not like some. I——"

"Well then," she said, "after Mrs. Pears you must see nurse. She's dissatisfied about something. And the housemaid wants to consult you about linen; and Bain has a list of garden things he wants to buy; and the boot-boy's mother is going to call at 11 o'clock to plead the cause of her son, who has done something abominable with a catapult; and after that you'll have to sit by Muriel and Nina while they practise; and there'll be lots of other things turning up as you go along. Away with you now to your work, and whatever happens keep a brave heart and a smiling face. I shall stay here to look after the dog and muse on the mutability of human affairs."

"Francesca," I said after a pause, "I have been thinking this matter over, and I have come to the conclusion that things had better go on as they are."

"I thought you'd think that," she said.

"The duties you propose to me, though various, are slight and unimportant. I should perform them too well and too quickly, and I should thus put a slur on all your past activities. You would never be able to look me in the face again. I cannot bear that thought. Go and busy yourself about the hive while I stay here and guard your self-respect."

"And you may as well," she said, "keep an eye on the furniture."

"Get down at once, Odin," I said. "Sofas were not meant for dogs."

R. C. L.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

To the Tudor Shakespeare of the Macmillan Company are added two volumes: Part III of Henry VI, edited by Professor Robert Adger Law of the University of Texas, and Cymbeline, edited by Professor Will D. Howe of Indiana University. Each volume is supplied with the usual illustrative material,—an introduction, notes and glossary, and each has an attractive photogravure frontispiece.

Rarely has a more cheerful volume been written upon a serious subject than Dr. Woods Hutchinson's "Common Diseases" (Houghton Mifflin Co.) The author discourses upon such subjects as "The Passing of Pills and Powders," "Home Doctoring," "Dyspepsia," "Consider the Liver," "The Unwisdom of Worry," "Why we Grow Bald," "Insomnia and Insomniacs," "Imaginary Diseases and their Inventors" and "The Prevention of Old Age," in a style often delightfully whimsical and humorous yet practical and sensible. One may read the book for the sheer pleasure of it; yet incidentally one will hardly fail to come upon helpful suggestions which will disabuse his mind regarding imaginary ailments and guide him to wise action regarding real ones.

"The Constructive Quarterly" edited by Silas McBee, and published by the George H. Doran Co., represents a new and extremely interesting attempt to provide a medium through which leaders of religious thought in churches widely separated by differences of creed may express themselves freely, but not controversially, upon religious and moral questions. In the first number, for March, among other articles there is one on "The Awakening of American Protestantism" by Dean Shailer Matthews and one on "Reforms of Pius X." by Rev. John J. Wynne, S. J., and between them a discussion of "Presbyterian Reunion in Scotland" by Professor W. P. Paterson. Archbishop Platon of the Russian church, Professor Loofs of Halle, M. Goyau of the French Catholic church, and Bishop F. J. McConnell of the American Methodist church are among the other contributors. The editorial board includes a long list of ecclesiastics and religious leaders in the United States, Germany, France, England, India, Belgium and Italy. The Quarterly promises to be both an exponent and a powerful promoter of the possibilities of Christian unity, or at least a better mutual understanding among Christians of different names.

G. K. Chesterton's "The Victorian Age in Literature" cannot be said to be the most valuable volume in The Home University Library, in which it appears; but it is by all odds the most diverting. Any one who knows his Chesterton will feel that the prefatory disclaimer of the Editors to the effect that "this book is not put forward as an authoritative history of Victorian literature" is quite superfluous. It is doubtful whether Chesterton could write such an authoritative history if he tried; it is reasonably certain that he never would try. What he does in this book is to talk delightfully, characteristically and more or less consecutively about the great writers of the Victorian period,—essayists, novelists and poets—in a style as caustic and unconventional as possible, abounding in paradoxes and extravagances, yet keen and discriminating. On every page,—or, at least, on every other page,—one comes across such bits as this:

"Jane Austen was born before those bonds which (we are told) protected women from truth, were burst by the Brontës or elaborately untied by George Eliot. Yet the fact remains that Jane Austen knew much more about men than either of them. Jane Austen may have been protected from truth: but it was precious little of truth that was protected from her."

Or this, about Macaulay:

"He did not see the flaw in his political theory; which is that unless the soul improves with time there is no guarantee that the accumulations of experience will be adequately used. Figures do not add themselves up; birds do not label or stuff themselves; comets do not calculate their own courses; these things are done by the soul of man. And if the soul of man is subject to other laws, is liable to sin, to sleep, to anarchism or suicide then all sciences including politics may fall as sterile and lie as fallow as before man's reason was made. Macaulay seemed sometimes to talk as if clocks produced clocks, or guns had families of little pistols, or a pen-knife littered like a pig."

The little book tempts to further quotation, but enough has been cited to suggest the joyous and enjoyable quality of Mr. Chesterton's criticism. Henry Holt and Co.

"To study Sainte-Beuve and the other leading French critics of the nineteenth century is therefore to get very close to the intellectual centre of the century," says Professor Irving Babbitt in the introduction to his latest book "The Masters of Modern French Criticism." A proper understanding of our own day may be obtained by tracing the development of these ideas through the preceding century. As the anti-intellectualist movement of the present day in France is a reaction from the extreme naturalism of the late nineteenth century, so it can only be understood in reference to such a background. It would be indeed hard at times to tell whether the book is a discussion of philosophy or of literary criticism. But, as Professor Babbitt says, in these days the philosophers are becoming literary, and the men of letters must needs return the compliment and become philosophical. Both have fundamentally the same problem, the search for a standard, some principle to oppose "to mere flux and relativity." Beginning with Madame de Stael the author discusses each critic in his turn, showing the influences which made each what he was and the effect of each upon those who came after. As is natural, Sainte-Beuve receives a greater part of the author's attention. Constant references are made to the great thinkers of every nation which creates a slight impression of diffuseness in the work. But this the author explains by saying that the search for "standards to oppose individual caprice" is an international problem. The entire book in fact is not merely a study of criticism for its own sake, but that it may shed light on present day problems. Professor Babbitt's estimate of each critic is remarkably free from personal bias and from undue enthusiasm; on the other hand each receives a conscientious and scholarly analysis. In his conclusion he defines the ideal critic for whom the present age is seeking, "one who rests his discipline and selection upon the past without being a mere traditionalist; whose holding of tradition involves a constant adjustment of the experience of the past to the changing needs of the present." The book is original, profound and scholarly, and sustains the enviable reputation of Professor Babbitt as a critical writer. Houghton Mifflin Company.